

THE LITERARY GAZETTE,

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 455.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1825.

PRICE 1s.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. By Thomas Moore. 4to. pp. 719. London 1825. Longman & Co.

THE subject *Sheridan*, and the biographer *Moore*, constitute so striking a literary attraction, that we are sure we cannot gratify public interest more essentially than by devoting a considerable portion of this week's *Gazette* to the notice of the volume, which has issued from the press so late as the Wednesday preceding our publication. The shortness of the time allowed us to read and digest seven hundred quarto pages, would preclude the possibility of our performing this task with any thing like credit, were the matter of a different description; but the pleasure we have derived from the perusal of this book, the variety of its contents, and the strong hold which it takes upon the mind, while it amuses the fancy by its lighter features, have borne us through it from beginning to end, and we feel perfectly prepared to make it known to our readers to the full extent which our limits in one Number can allow. Therefore, without prefatorial phrase, we proceed to our epitome and such illustrations as it may require.

From his birth in Dublin, in 1751, to his death in London, in 1816, Mr. Moore has faithfully traced the eventful career of the extraordinary person whose *memoirs* he has here given to the world, in a manner highly honourable to his taste, sense, and feeling. Admiration and partiality have not warped his judgment; nor does he gloss over errors which even the most callous must view "more in sorrow than in anger." The brilliant, the splendid *Sheridan*, is represented as he really was—illustrious by his talents, but degraded by his frailties: wonderfully gifted from Nature, but neglected in "education"; finely endowed with noble perceptions and inclinations, but betrayed into inconsistencies and even meannesses, by the want of firmness in principle, and poverty, the result of regardless extravagance. Occasionally, palliatives (and just ones too, in every liberal construction of human action) are urged; but moral right is never perverted, and one of the chief praises of Mr. Moore's work is its honest adherence to the truth in general, and to every good impression in this important particular.

As a literary debutant, as an adventurous lover, as a married man, as a dramatic writer, as a politician—in short, as a private and public character—Mr. *Sheridan* is fairly followed through these pages; and, in all, we congratulate their author on his obedience to *Othello's* golden rule for such reports, that he has neither extenuated improperly nor set down aught in malice. Taking the same course, we shall illustrate the several aspects in which his

Subject is thus displayed; and at once entertain (as we hope) our friends, and afford complete evidence of the style and order of Mr. Moore's agreeable labours.

Mentioning Mr. *Sheridan's* first attempts at periodical writing; we find that, in conjunction with his early friend Mr. *Halhed*, he meditated a weekly miscellany, but never proceeded beyond No. 1, upon which, (after giving some specimens*) Mr. M. remarks—

"It is a characteristic of fools," says some one, "to be always beginning;"—and this is not the only point in which folly and genius resemble each other. So chillingly indeed do the difficulties of execution succeed to the first ardour of conception, that it is only wonderful there should exist so many finished monuments of genius, or that men of fancy should not oftener have contented themselves with those first, vague sketches, in the production of which the chief luxury of intellectual creation lies. Among the many literary works, shadowed out by *Sheridan* at this time, were a *Collection of Occasional Poems*, and a volume of *Crazy Tales*,—the former of which *Halhed* suggests that "the old things they did at Harrow out of *Theocrinus*," might, with a little pruning, form a useful contribution. The loss of the volume of *Crazy Tales* is little to be regretted, as from its title we may conclude it was written in imitation of the clever, but licentious productions of *John Hall Stephenson*. If the same kind oblivion had closed over the levities of other young authors, who, in the season of folly and the passions, have made their pages the transcript of their lives, it would have been equally fortunate for themselves and the world."

We cannot forget *Little's Poems* when we read this candid and creditable opinion; but perhaps the author has gone some steps still farther in stern morality in his observations relating to females upon the stage, and which are induced by the attachment of *Sheridan* to the celebrated *Miss Linley*, afterwards his wife. He says,

"Her personal charms, the exquisiteness of her musical talents, and the full light of publicity which her profession threw upon both, naturally attracted round her a crowd of admirers, to whom the sympathy of a common pursuit soon kindled into rivalry, till she became at length an object of vanity as well as of love. Her extreme youth, too,—for she was little more than sixteen when *Sheridan* first met her,—must have removed, even from the minds of the most fastidious and delicate, that repugnance they might justly have felt to her profession, if she had lived much longer under its tarnishing influence, or lost, by frequent exhibitions before the public, that fine

gloss of feminine modesty, for whose absence not all the talents and accomplishments of the whole sex can atone."

The continued narrative makes us acquainted with a rather uncommon circumstance connected with the period:

"She had been, even at this early age, on the point of marriage with Mr. Long, an old gentleman of considerable fortune in Wiltshire, who proved the reality of his attachment to her in a way which few young lovers would be romantic enough to imitate. On her secretly representing to him that she never could be happy as his wife, he generously took upon himself the whole blame of breaking off the alliance, and even indemnified the father, who was proceeding to bring the transaction into court, by settling 3000*l.* upon his daughter. Mr. *Sheridan*, who owed to this liberal conduct not only the possession of the woman he loved, but the means of supporting her during the first years of their marriage, spoke invariably of Mr. Long, who lived to a very advanced age, with all the kindness and respect which such a disinterested character merited."

Mr. *Sheridan's* eloquent with the *Fair Maid of Bath*, his two duels with *Captain Mathews* on her account, and the thousand anecdotes of the day about these affairs, are too well known to authorize repetition here; but

"A curious instance of the intolerance and procrustean habits of *Sheridan* used to be related by *Woodfall*, as having occurred about this time. A statement of his conduct in the duels having appeared in one of the *Bath papers*, so false and calumnious as to require an immediate answer, he called upon *Woodfall* to request that his paper might be the medium of it. But wishing, as he said, that the public should have the whole matter fairly before them, he thought it right that the offensive statement should first be inserted, and in a day or two after be followed by his answer, which would thus come with more relevancy and effect. In compliance with his wish, *Woodfall* lost not a moment in transcribing the calumnious article into his columns—not doubting, of course, that the refutation of it would be furnished with still greater eagerness. Day after day, however, elapsed, and notwithstanding frequent applications on the one side, and promises on the other, not a line of the answer was ever sent by *Sheridan*,—who, having expended all his activity in assisting the circulation of the poison, had not industry enough left to supply the antidote. Throughout his whole life, indeed, he but too consistently acted upon the principles, which the first *Lord Holland* used playfully to impress upon his son:—'Never do to-day what you can possibly put off till to-morrow, nor ever do, yourself, what you can get any one else to do for you.'"

The details respecting Mr. *Sheridan's* dramatic compositions are of extreme literary curiosity, and will be read with great interest not only as showing the process of the author's mind, but exhibiting much of the character of the man. One of the singularities most obvious, is his habit of repeating the same ideas. Noting *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*, he has jotted down:

"The selfish vanity of the father appears in all these letters—his sending the copy of a letter

* It is stated in one place—"It is amusing to observe, that, while he thus criticizes the style and language of his correspondent, his own spelling, in every second line, convicts him of deficiency in at least one common branch of literary acquirement:—we find *thing* always spelt *think*—*whether*, *where*, and *which*, turned into *vetter*, *werre*, and *rich*;—and double *o's* and *e's* almost invariably reduced to "single *bleed-ars*." This sign of a neglected education remained with him to a very late period, and in his hasty writing, or scribbling, would occasionally recur, to the last."

* In these there is little of genius discoverable: we quote the best passage:

"In examining the beginning of the *Spectators*, &c. I find they are all written by a society.—Now I profess to write all myself, though I acknowledge that, on account of a weakness in my eyes, I have got some under-scrappers who are to write the poetry, &c. . . . In order to find the different merits of these my subalterns, I stipulated with them that they should let me feed them as I would. This they consented to do, and it is surprising to think what different effects diet has on the writers. The same, who after being fed two days upon artichokes produced as pretty a copy of verses, as ever I saw, on beef was as dull as ditch water. * * * *"

for his sister.—His object was the praise of his own mode of education.—How much more noble the affection of Morni in Ossian: 'Oh, that the name of Morni, &c. &c.—Oh that the name of Morni were forgot among the people! that the heroes would only say, 'Behold the father of Gaul!' Sheridan applied this, more than thirty years after, in talking of his own son, on the bustings of Westminster, and said that, in like manner, he would ask no greater distinction than for men to point at him and say, 'There goes the father of Tom Sheridan.'"

Other instances are frequent, as for example—speaking of the beautiful Song,

Ah cruel maid, how hast thou changed
The temper of my mind?

Mr. M. goes on to state—

"In comparing this poem with the original words of the air to which it is adapted, (Parnell's pretty lines, 'My days have been so wondrous free,') it will be felt, at once, how wide is the difference between the cold and graceful effusions of taste, and the fervid bursts of real genius—between the delicate product of the conservatory, and the rich child of the sunshine.

"I am the more confirmed in the idea that this song was written previously to the opera, and from personal feeling, by finding among his earlier pieces the originals of two other songs—'I ne'er could any lustre see,' and 'What bard, oh Time, discover.' The thought, upon which the latter turns, is taken from a poem already cited, addressed by him to Mrs. Sheridan in 1773; and the following is the passage which supplied the material:—

'Alas, thou hast no wings, oh Time,
It was some thoughtless lover's rhyme,
Who, writing in his Chloe's view,
Paid her the compliment through you.
For, had he, if he truly lov'd,
He'd once the name of absence prov'd,
He'd eroy thy wings, and, in their stead,
Have painted thee with heels of lead.

"It will be seen presently, that this poem was again despoiled of some of its lines, for an epilogue which he began a few years after, upon a very different subject. There is something, it must be owned, not very sentimental in this conversion of the poetry of affection to other and less sacred uses—as if, like the ornaments of a passing pageant, it might be broken up after the show was over, and applied to more useful purposes. That the young poet should be guilty of such sacrilege to love, and thus steal back his golden offerings from the altar, to melt them down into utensils of worldly display, can only be excused by that demand upon the riches of his fancy, which the rapidity of his present career in the service of the dramatic Muse occasioned.

"There is not the same objection to the appropriation of the other Song, which, it will be seen, is a selection of the best parts of the following Anacreontic verses:—

'I ne'er could any lustre see*
In eyes that would not look on me:
When a glance aversion hints,
I always think the lady squints.
I ne'er saw merriment on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
No nearly teeth rejoice my view,
Unless a 'yes' displays their hue—
The ruddish lip, that *noes* me back,
Convinces me the teeth are black.
To me the cheek displays no roses,
Like that th' assenting blush discloses;
But when with proud disdain 'tis spread,
To me 'tis but a scurvy red.
Would she have me praise her hair?
Let her place my garland there.
Is her hand so white and pure?
I must press it to be sure;

* Another mode of beginning this song in the MS.—
'Gleaming marks she seeks to move,
My eye is raised, my heart to love,
No blushes on her cheek will live,
And those who love her, must forgive.

Nor can I be certain then,
Till it grateful press again.
Must I raise her melody?
Let her ring of love and me.
If she choose another theme,
I'd rather hear a peacock scream.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.
None but bigots will in vain
Adore a heay'n they cannot gain.
If I must religiously adore
To the mighty God of Love,
Sure I am it is but fair
He, at least, should hear my prayer.
But, by each joy of his I've known,
And all I yet shall make my own,
Never will I, with humble speech,
Pray to a heay'n I cannot reach."

These quotations naturally lead us to the specimens of poetry which the Biographer has selected from the mass of unfinished sketches found among Mr. Sheridan's papers; and which we cannot introduce more appropriately than here; for we must abstain from much remark on the alterations, &c. in the popular works of the author. I revious to culling from these, we may premise of their writer, that

"Among his habits, it may not be uninteresting to know that his hours of composition, as long as he continued to be an author, were at night, and that he required a profusion of lights around him while he wrote. Wine, too, was one of his favourite helps to inspiration;—'If the thought (he would say) is slow to come, a glass of good wine encourages it, and, when it does come, a glass of good wine rewards it.'

There remain among his papers (says Mr. M.) "three acts of a drama without a name, written evidently in haste, and with scarcely any correction,—the subject of which is so wild and unmanageable, that I should not have hesitated in referring it to the same early date, had not the introduction into one of the scenes of 'Dry be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,' proved it to have been produced, after that pretty song was written.

"The chief personages upon whom the story turns are a band of outlaws, who, under the name and disguise of devils, have taken up their residence in a gloomy wood, adjoining a village, the inhabitants of which they keep in perpetual alarm by their incursions and apparitions. In the same wood resides a hermit, secretly connected with this band, who keeps secluded within his cave the beautiful Reginilla, hid alike from the light of the sun and the eyes of men. She has, however, been indulged in her prison with a glimpse of a handsome young huntsman, who she believes to be a phantom, and is encouraged in her belief by the hermit, by whose contrivance this huntsman (a prince in disguise) has been thus presented to her. The following is, as well as I can make it out from a manuscript not easily decipherable, the scene that takes place between the fair recluse and her visitant. The style, where style is attempted, shows, as the reader will perceive, a taste yet immature and unchastened—

"Scene draws, and discovers Reginilla asleep in a Cave.

"Enter Pevidor and other Devils, with the Huntsman—unbind him and exeunt.

"Hunts. Ha! Where am I now? Is it indeed the dread abode of guilt, or refuge of a band of thieves? it cannot be a dream. (sees Reginilla.) Ha! if this be so, and I do dream, may I never wake—it is—my beating heart acknowledges my dear, gentle Reginilla. I'll not wake her, lest, if it be a phantom, it should vanish. Oh, balmy breath! but for thy soft sighs that come to tell me it is no image, I should believe . . . (bends down towards her) a sigh from her heart!

thus let me arrest thee on thy way. (kisses her.) A deeper blush has flushed her cheek; sweet modesty! that even in sleep is conscious and resentful. She will not wake, and yet some fancy calls up those frequent sighs: how her heart beats in its ivory cage, like an imprisoned bird; or as if to reprove the hand that dares approach its sanctuary! Oh, would she but wake, and bless this gloom with her bright eyes!—Soft, here's a lute—perhaps her soul will hear the call of harmony.

Oh yield, fair lids, the treasures of my heart,
Release those beams, that make this mansion bright;
From *her* sweet sense, Slumber! though sweet thou begone,
And give the air she breathes in light.
Or while, oh Sleep, thou dost those glances hide,
Let rosy slumbers still around her play,
Sweet as the cherub Innocence enjoy'd,
When in thy lap, new born, in smiles he lay.
And thou, oh Dream, that com'st her sleep to cheer,
Oh take my shape, and play a lover's part;
Kiss her from me, and whisper in her ear,
Till her eyes shine, 'tis night within my heart."

"Reg. (waking.) The phantom, father! (seizes his hand.) ah, do not, do not, do not wake me then. (rises.)

"Hunts. (kneeling to her.) Thou beauteous sun of this dark world, that mak'st a place, so like the cave of death, a heaven to me, instruct me how I may approach thee—how address thee and not offend.

"Reg. Oh how my soul would hang upon those lips! speak on—and yet methinks, he should not kneel so—why are you afraid, Sir? indeed I cannot hurt you.

"Hunts. Sweet innocence, I'm sure thou would'st not."

This is very Miranda-like; but we cannot insert the whole dialogue, and only select some of the poetry. The following is sung by the heroine:

"Wilt thou then leave me? can'st thou go from me,
To woo the fair that love the giddy day?
Yet, ev'n among those joys, thou'lt find that she,
Who dwells in darkness, loves thee more than they.
For these poor hands, and these unpractised eyes,
And this poor heart is thine without disguise.
But, if thou'lt stay with me, my only care
Shall be to please and make thee love to stay.
With music, song, and dance

But, if you go, nor music, song, nor dance,

"If thou art studious, I will read
Thee tales of pleasing woe—
If thou art sad, I'll kiss away
The tears that flow.

"If thou would'st play, I'll kiss thee till I blush,
Then hide that blush, and tell thee how I breathe;
If thou wou'd'st sleep
Shall rock thy aching head to rest."

Of the poetical part of The Foresters, another unfinished operatic sketch, Mr. M. observes,

"The only specimens he has left are a skeleton of a chorus, beginning 'Bold Foresters we are,' and the following Song, which, for grace and tenderness, is not unworthy of the hand that produced The Duenna:—

"We two, each other's only pride,
Each other's bliss, each other's guide,
Far from the world's unhallowed noise,
Its coarse delights and tainted joys,
Through wilds will roam and deserts rude—
For, Love, thy home is solitude.

There shall no vain pretender be,
To court thy smile and torture me,
No proud superior there be seen,
But Nature's voice shall hail thee, queen.
With fond respect and tender awe,
I will receive thy gentle law,
Obey thy looks, and serve thee still,
Prevent thy wish, foresee thy will,
And, added to a lover's care,
Be all that friends and parents are."

"I have taken the liberty here of supplying a few rhymes and words that are wanting in the original copy of the song. The last line of all runs thus in the manuscript:—

"Till her eye shines I live in darkest night," which, not rhyming as it ought, I have ventured to alter as above."

He adds, "But, of all Mr. Sheridan's unfinished designs, the Comedy which he meditated on the subject of Affection, is that of which the abandonment is most to be regretted. To a satirist, who would not confine his ridicule to the mere outward demonstrations of this folly, but would follow and detect it through all its windings and disguises, there could hardly perhaps be a more fertile theme. Affection, merely of manner, being itself a sort of acting, does not easily admit of any additional colouring on the stage, without degenerating into farce; and, accordingly, fops and fine ladies—with very few exceptions—are about as silly and tiresome in representation as in reality. But the aim of the dramatist, in this comedy, would have been far more important and extensive;—and how anxious he was to keep before his mind's eye the whole wide horizon of folly which his subject opened upon him, will appear from the following list of the various species of Affection, which I have found written by him, exactly as I give it, on the inside cover of the memorandum-book, that contains the only remaining vestiges of this play:—

"An Affection of Business—of Accomplishments—of Love and Letters and Wit—Music—of Intrigue—of Sensibility—of Virility—of Silence and Importance—of Modesty—of Prodigality—of Moroseness."

"In this projected comedy he does not seem to have advanced as far as even the invention of the plot or the composition of a single scene. The memorandum-book alluded to—on the first leaf of which he had written in his neatest hand (as if to encourage himself to begin) "Affection"—contains, besides the names of three of the intended personages, Sir Babble Bore, Sir Peregrine Paradox, and Feignwit, nothing but unembodied sketches of character, and scattered particles of wit, which seem waiting, like the imperfect forms and seeds in chaos, for the brooding of genius to nurse them into system and beauty.

"The reader will not, I think, be displeased at seeing some of these curious materials here. They will show that in this work, as well as in the School for Scandal, he was desirous of making the vintage of his wit as rich as possible, by distilling into it every drop that the collected fruits of his thought and fancy could supply. Some of the jests are far-fetched, and others, perhaps, abortive—but it is pleasant to track him in his pursuit of a point, even when he misses. The very failures of a man of real wit are often more delightful than the best successes of others—the quacksilver, even in escaping from his grasp, shines, 'it still eludes him, but it glitters still.'"

"I shall give the memorandums as I find them, with no other difference, than that of classing together those that have relation to the same thought or subject.

"Character.—Mr. BUSTLE.

"A man who delights in hurry and interruption—will take any one's business for themselves—leaves the world where all his plagues may follow him—governor of all hospitals, &c.—share in Ranelagh—speaker every where, from the Vestry to the House of Commons—'I am not at home—'gad, now he has heard me and I must be at home.'—Here am I so plagued, and there is nothing I love so much as retirement and quiet.'—'You never sent after me.'—Let servants call in to him such a message as 'This nothing but the window-tax,' he hiding in a room that communicates.—A young man tells him some important business in the middle of fifty trivial interruptions, and the calling in of idlers; such as fiddlers, wild-beast men, foreigners with commendatory letters, &c.—answers notes on his knee, & so your uncle died!—for your obliging enquiries—and left you an orphan—towards the evening."

"Can't bear to be doing nothing.—'Can I do anything for any body any where?'—Have been to the Secretary—written to the Treasury.'—'Must proceed to meet the Commissioners, and write Mr. Price's little boy's exercise.'—The most active idler and laborious trifler.

"He does not in reality love business—only the appearance of it. 'Ha! ha! did my Lord say that I was always very busy?—What, plagued to death?'

"Keeps all his letters and copies.—'Mem. to meet the Hackney-coach Commissioners—to arbitrate between &c. &c.'"

"Contrast with the man of indolence, his brother.—'So, brother, just up! and I have been &c. &c.'—one will give his money from indolent generosity, the other his time from restlessness.—'Twill be shorter to pay the bill than look for the receipt.'—Files letters, answered and unanswered.—'Why, here are more unopened than answered?'

"He regulates every action by a love for fashion—will grant annuities though he doesn't want money—appear to intrigue, though constant; to drink, though sober—has some fashionable vices—affects to be distressed in his circumstances, and, when his new vis-a-vis comes out, procures a judgment to be entered against him—wants to lose, but by ill luck wins five thousand pounds.

"One who changes sides in all arguments the moment any one agrees with him.

"An irresolute arguer, to whom it is a great misfortune that there are not three sides to a question—a libertine in argument; conviction, like enjoyment, palls him, and his rakish understanding is soon satiated with truth—more capable of being faithful to a paradox.—'I love truth as I do my wife; but sophistry and paradoxes are my mistresses—I have a strong domestic respect for her, but for the other the passion due to a mistress.'"

"One, who agrees with every one, for the pleasure of speaking their sentiments for them—so fond of talking that he does not contradict only because he can't wait to hear people out.

"A tripping casuist, who veers by others' breath, and gets on to information by tacking between the two sides—like a hoy, not made to go straight before the wind.

"The more he talks, the farther he is off the argument, like a bowl on a wrong bias.

"What are the affectations you chiefly dislike?"

"There are many in this company, so I'll mention others.—To see two people affecting intrigue, having their assignations in public places only; he, affecting a warm pursuit, and the lady, acting the hesitation of retreating virtue.—'Pray, ma'am don't you think, &c.'—while neither party have words between 'em to conduct the preliminaries of gallantry, nor passion to pursue the object of it.

"A plan of public flirtation—not to get beyond a profile.

"Then I hate to see one, to whom heaven has given real beauty, settling her features at the glass of fashion, while she speaks—not thinking so much of what she says as how she looks, and more careful of the action of her lips than of what shall come from them.

"A pretty woman studying looks and endeavouring to recollect an ogle, like Lady —, who has learned to play her eyelids like Venetian blinds."

"An old woman endeavouring to put herself back to a girl.

"* This simile is repeated in various shapes through his manuscripts.—'She moves her eyes up and down like Venetian blinds.'—'Her eyelids play like a Venetian blind,' &c. &c."

"A true trained wit lays his plan like a general—foresees the circumstances of the conversation—surveys the ground and contingencies—detaches a question to draw you into the palpable ambush of his ready-made joke.

"A man intriguing, only for the reputation of it—to his confidential servant: 'Who am I in love with now?'—'The newspapers give you so and so—you are laying close siege to Lady L. in the Morning Post, and have succeeded with Lady G. in the Herald.—Sir F. is very jealous of you in the Gazetteer.'—Remember to-morrow, the first thing you do, to put me in love with Mrs. C."

"'I forgot to forget the billet-doux at Brooks's.'—'By the bye, an't I in love with you?'—Lady L. has promised to meet me in her carriage to-morrow—where is the most public place?"

"'You are rude to her!'—Oh no, upon my soul, I made love to her directly."

"An old man, who affects intrigue, and writes his own reproaches in the Morning Post, trying to scandalize himself into the reputation of being young, as if he could obscure his age by blotting his character—though never so little candid as when he's abusing himself.

"'Shall you be at Lady —'s?—I'm told the Bramin is to be there, and the new French philosopher.'—No—it will be pleasanter at Lady —'s conversation—the cow with two heads will be there."

"'I shall order the valet to shoot me the very first thing he does in the morning.'"

"'You are yourself affected and don't know it—you would pass for morose.'"

"He merely wanted to be singular, and happened to find the character of moroseness unoccupied in the society he lived with.

"He certainly has a great deal of fancy and a very good memory; but with a perverse ingenuity he employs these qualities as no other person does—for he employs his fancy in his narratives, and keeps his recollections for his wit—when he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts, that you admire the flights of his imagination."

"A fat woman trundling into a room on castors—in sitting can only lean against her chair—rings on her fingers, and her fat arms strangled with bracelets, which belt them like corded brawn—rolling and heaving when she laughs with the rattles in her throat, and a most apoplectic ogle—you wish to draw her out, as you would an opera-glass.

"A long lean man, with all his limbs rambling—no way to reduce him to compass, unless you could double him like a pocket rule—with his arms spread, he'd lie on the bed of Ware like a cross on a Good Friday bun—standing still, he is a pilaster without a base—he appears rolled out or run up against a wall—so thin, that his front face is but the moiety of a profile—if he stands cross-legged, he looks like a caduceus, and put him in a fencing attitude, you would take him for a piece of chevaux-de-frise—to make any use of him, it must be as a spoutoon or a fishing-rod—when his wife's by he follows like a note of admiration—see them together, one's a mast, and the other all hulk—she's a dome and he's built like a glass-house—when they part you wonder to see the steeples separate from the chancel, and were they to embrace, he must hang round her neck like a skein of thread on a lace-maker's bolster—to sing her praise you should choose a rondeau, and to celebrate him you must write all Alexandrines.

"I wouldn't give a pin to make fine men in love with me—every coquette can do that, and

"* The reader will find how much this savagut was improved upon afterwards."

the pain you give these creatures is very trifling. I love out-of-the-way conquests; and as I think my attractions are singular, I would draw singular objects.

"The loadstone of true beauty draws the heaviest substances—not like the fat dowager, who frets herself into warmth, to get the notice of a few *papier mâché* fops, as you rub Dutch sealing-wax to draw paper."

"If I were inclined to flatter, I would say that, as you are unlike other women, you ought not to be won as they are. Every woman can be gained by time, therefore you ought to be by a sudden impulse. Sighs, devotion, attention, weigh with others; but they are so much your due that no one should claim merit from them."

"You should not be swayed by common motives—how heroic to form a marriage for which no human being can guess the inducement—what a glorious unaccountableness! All the world will wonder what the devil you could see in me; and, if you should doubt your singularity, I pledge myself to you that I never yet was endured by woman; so that I should owe every thing to the effect of your bounty, and not by my own superfluous deserts make it a debt, and so lessen both the obligation and my gratitude. In short, every other woman follows her inclination, but you, above all things, should take me, if you do not like me. You will, besides, have the satisfaction of knowing that we are decidedly the worst match in the kingdom—a match, too, that must be all your own work, in which fate could have no hand, and which no foresight could foresee."

"A lady who affects poetry.—I made regular approaches to her by sonnets and rebuses—a rondeau of circumvallation—her pride sapped by an elegy, and her reserve surprised by an impromptu—proceeding to storm with Pindarics, she, at last, saved the further effusion of ink by a capitulation."

"Her prudish frowns and resentful looks are as ridiculous as 'twould be to see a board with notice of spring-guns set in a highway, or of steel-traps in a common—because they imply an insinuation that there is something worth plundering where one would not, in the least, suspect it."

"The expression of her face is at once a denial of all love-suit, and a confession that she never was asked—the sourness of it arises not so much from her aversion to the passion, as from her never having had an opportunity to show it.—Her features are so unfortunately formed that she could never dissemble or put on sweetness enough to induce any one to give her occasion to show her bitterness.—I never saw a woman to whom you would more readily give credit for perfect chastity."

"Lady Clio. 'What am I reading?'—have I drawn nothing lately?—Is the work-bag finished?—how accomplished I am!—has the man been to untune the harpsichord?—does it look as if I had been playing on it?"

"'Shall I be ill to-day?—shall I be nervous?'—Your La'ship was nervous yesterday.—'Was I?'—then I'll have a cold—I haven't had a cold this fortnight—a cold is becoming—no—I'll not have a cough; that's fatiguing—I'll be quite well.—You become sickness—your La'ship always looks vastly well when you're ill."

"Leave the book half read and the rose half finished—you know I love to be caught in the fact."

"One who knows that no credit is ever given to his assertions has the more right to contradict his words."

"He goes the western circuit, to pick up small fees and impudence."

"A new wooden leg for Sir Charles Easy."

"An ornament which the proud peers wear all the year round—chimney-sweepers only on the first of May."

"In marriage if you possess any thing very good, it makes you eager to get every thing else good of the same sort."

"The critic when he gets out of his carriage should always recollect, that his footman behind is gone up to judge as well as himself."

"She might have escaped in her own clothes, but I suppose she thought it more romantic to put on her brother's regimentals."

"The rough sketches and fragments of poems, which Mr. Sheridan left behind him, are numerous; but those among them that are sufficiently finished to be cited, bear the marks of having been written when he was very young, and would not much interest the reader—while of the rest it is difficult to find four consecutive lines, that have undergone enough of the *toilette* of composition to be presentable in print. It was his usual practice, when he undertook any subject in verse, to write down his thoughts first in a sort of poetical prose,—with, here and there, a rhyme or a metrical line, as they might occur—and then, afterwards to reduce, with much labour, this anomalous compound to regular poetry. The birth of his prose being, as we have already seen, so difficult, it may be imagined how painful was the travail of his verse. Indeed, the number of tasks which he left unfinished are all so many proofs of that despair of perfection, which those best qualified to attain it are always the most likely to feel."

"There are some fragments of an Epilogue, apparently intended to be spoken in the character of a woman of fashion, which give a lively notion of what the poem would have been, when complete. The high carriages, that had just then come into fashion, are thus adverted to:—

My carriage stared at it—none so high or fine—
Palmer's mail-coach shall be a sledge to mine.

No longer now the youths beside us stand,
And talking lean, and leaning press the hand;
But, ogling upwards, as aloft we sit,
Straining, poor things, their ancles and their wit,
And, much too short the inside to explore,
Hang like supporters half way up the door.

"The approach of a 'veteran husband,' to disturb these flirtations and chase away the lovers, is then hinted at:—

To persecuted virtue yield assistance,
And for one hour teach younger men their distance,
Make them, in very spite, appear discreet,
And mar the public mysteries of the street.

"The affectation of appearing to make love, while talking on indifferent matters, is illustrated by the following simile:—

So when dramatic statesmen talk apart,
With practised gesture and heroic start,
The plot's their theme, the gazing galleries guess,
While Hull and Fearon think of nothing less.

"The following lines seem to belong to the same Epilogue:—

The Campus Martius of St. James's Street,
Where the beau's cavalier pace to and fro,
Before they take the field in Rotten Row;
Where Brooks's Blues and Welles's Light Dragoons
Diamond in file, and eagle in platoons.

"He had also begun another Epilogue, directed against female gamblers, of which he himself repeated a couplet or two to Mr. Rogers a short time before his death, and of which there remain some few scattered traces among his papers:—

A night of fretful passion may consume
All that thou hast of beauty's gentle bloom,
And one distemper'd hour of sordid fear
Print on thy brow the wrinkles of a year."

"* These four lines, as I have already remarked, are taken—with little change of the words, but a total alteration of the sentiment—from the verses which he addressed to Mrs. Sheridan in 1773. See page 68."

Great figure loses, little figure wins.

Ungrateful blushes and disordered sighs,
Which love disclaims nor even shame supplies.

Gay smiles, which once belong'd to mirth alone,
And starting tears, which pity dares not own.

"A poem upon Windsor Castle, half ludicrous and half solemn, appears, from the many experiments he made upon it, to have cost him considerable trouble. The Castle, he says,

Its base a mountain, and itself a rock,
In proud defiance of the tempest's rage,
Like an old grey-hair'd veteran stands each shock—
The sturdy witness of a nobler age.

"He then alludes to the 'cockney' improvements that had lately taken place, among which the venerable Castle appears, like

A helmet on a Macaroni's head—
Or like old Tubal, turn'd into a fop,
With coat embroidered and scratch wig at top.

"Some verses, of the same mixed character, on the short duration of life and the changes that death produces, thus begin:—

Of that same tree which gave the box,
Now rattling in the hand of FOX,
Perhaps his coffin shall be made—

"He then rambles into prose, as was his custom, on a sort of knight-errantry after thoughts and images:—'The lawn thou hast chosen for thy bridal shift—thy shroud may be of the same piece. That flower thou hast bought to feed thy vanity—from the same tree thy corpse may be decked. Reynolds shall, like his colours, fly; and Brown, when mingled with the dust, manure the grounds he once laid out. Death is life's second childhood: we return to the breast from whence we came, are weaned, * * *"

"There are a few detached lines and couplets of a poem, intended to ridicule some fair invalid, who was much given to falling in love with her physicians:—

Who felt her puls', obtained her heart.

"The following couplet, in which he characterises an amiable friend of his, Dr. Bain, with whom he did not become acquainted till the year 1792, proves these fragments to have been written after that period:—

Not savage * * * nor gentle BAIN—
She was in love with Warwick Lane.

"An 'Address to the Prince,' on the exposed style of women's dress, consists of little more than single lines, not yet wedded into couplets; such as:—'The more you show, the less we wish to see.'—And bare their bodies, as they mask their minds,' &c. This poem, however, must have been undertaken many years after his entrance into Parliament, as the following curious political memorandum will prove:—'I like it no better for being from France—whence all ills come—altar of liberty, begrimed at once with blood and mire.'

"There are also some Anacronisms—lively, but boyish and extravagant. For instance, in expressing his love of bumpers:—

Were mine a goblet that had room
For a whole vintage in its womb,
I still would have the liquor swim
An inch or two above the brim."

As it is not in our power this week to enter into the private life or theatrical management of Mr. S. we shall for the present conclude what we have done with the entertaining volume before us, by transcribing a few of the anecdotes with which it is diversified and enriched.

"Richardson was remarkable for his love of disputation; and Tickell, when hard pressed by him in argument, used often, as a last resource, to assume the voice and manner of Mr. Fox, which he had the power of mimicking so exactly, that Richardson confessed he sometimes stood awed and silenced by the resemblance.

"This disputatious humour of Richardson was once turned to account by Sheridan in a very

characteristic manner. Having had a hackney coach in his employ for five or six hours, and not being provided with the means of paying it, he happened to spy Richardson in the street, and proposed to take him in the coach some part of his way. The offer being accepted, Sheridan lost no time in starting a subject of conversation, on which he knew his companion was sure to become argumentative and animated. Having, by well-managed contradiction, brought him to the proper pitch of excitement, he affected to grow impatient and angry himself, and saying that 'he could not think of staying in the same coach with a person that would use such language,' pulled the check-string, and desired the coachman to let him out. Richardson, wholly occupied with the argument, and regarding the retreat of his opponent as an acknowledgment of defeat, still pressed his point, and even hollowed 'more last words' through the coach window after Sheridan, who, walking quietly home, left the poor disputant responsible for the heavy fare of the coach."

"On one occasion, Sheridan having covered the floor of a dark passage, leading from the drawing-room, with all the plates and dishes of the house, ranged closely together, provoked his unconscious play-fellow to pursue him into the midst of them. Having left a path for his own escape, he passed through easily, but Tickell, falling at full length into the ambuscade, was very much cut in several places. The next day Lord John Townshend, on paying a visit to the bed-side of Tickell, found him covered over with patches, and indignantly vowing vengeance against Sheridan for this unjustifiable trick. In the midst of his anger, however, he could not help exclaiming, with the true feeling of an amateur of this sort of mischief, 'but how amazingly well done it was!'"

"The Rev. Mr. O'B—— (afterwards Bishop of——) having arrived to dinner at Sheridan's country-house near Osterley, where, as usual, a gay party was collected, (consisting of General Burgoyne, Mrs. Crewe, Tickell, &c.) it was proposed that on the next day (Sunday) the Rev. Gentleman should, on gaining the consent of the resident clergyman, give a specimen of his talents as a preacher in the village church. On his objecting that he was not provided with a sermon, his host offered to write one for him, if he would consent to preach it; and the offer being accepted, Sheridan left the company early, and did not return for the remainder of the evening. The following morning Mr. O'B—— found the manuscript by his bed-side, tied together neatly (as he described it) with riband—the subject of the discourse being the 'Abuse of Riches.' Having read it over and corrected some theological errors, (such as 'it is easier for a camel, as Moses says,' &c.) he delivered the sermon in his most impressive style, much to the delight of his own party, and to the satisfaction, as he unexpectedly flattered himself, of all the rest of the congregation, among whom was Mr. Sheridan's wealthy neighbour, Mr. C."

"Some months afterwards, however, Mr. O'B—— perceived that the family of Mr. C——, with whom he had previously been intimate, treated him with marked coldness; and, on his expressing some innocent wonder at the circumstance, was at length informed, to his dismay, by General Burgoyne, that the sermon which Sheridan had written for him was, throughout, a personal attack upon Mr. C——, who had at that time rendered himself very unpopular in the neighbourhood by some harsh conduct to the poor, and to whom every one in the church, except the unconscious preacher, applied almost every sentence of the sermon."

"It is said that, as he sat at the Piazza Coffee-house, during the fire, [D. L. Theatre,] taking some refreshment, a friend of his having remarked on the philosophic calmness with which he bore his misfortune, Sheridan answered, 'A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fire-side.'"

The following is a letter to one of his Stafford electors—

"*Canvassers-square, Sunday night.*

"DEAR KING JOHN,

"I shall be in Stafford in the course of next week, and if your Majesty does not renew our old alliance I shall never again have faith in any potentate on earth. 'Yours very sincerely,

"Mr. John K."

"R. B. SHERIDAN."

"His best *bon-mots* are in the memory of every one. Among those less known, perhaps, is his answer to General T——, relative to some difference of opinion between them on the war in Spain:—'Well, T——, are you still on your high horse?'—'If I was on a horse before, I am upon an elephant now.'—'No, T——, you were upon an ass before, and now you are upon a mule.'"

"Among his habits, it may not be uninteresting to know that his hours of composition, as long as he continued to be an author, were at night, and that he required a profusion of lights around him while he wrote. Wine, too, was one of his favourite helps to inspiration:—'If the thought (he would say) is slow to come, a glass of good wine encourages it, and, when it does come, a glass of good wine rewards it.'"

* Mr. John King, we presume.—Ed. L. G.

MILLS'S HISTORY OF CHIVALRY.

WITH no small pleasure do we again recur to these very interesting pages. Few of the many romantic histories here recorded are more truly chivalrous than that of Sir Walter Manny:

Sir Walter, being high in favour of Edward, was sent into Brittany, with a proud display of knights and archers, to aid the Countess of Mountfort, at that time besieged in her castle by the French. He was not long before he made a sally on the enemy, and with such effect, that he destroyed all their great engines of assault. The French knights, not anticipating so bold a measure, lay at some distance from their machines; but they soon advanced in formidable numbers. The English and Bretons retreated, however, fairly and easily, though the French pursued them with infuriate violence. It would not have been knightly for Sir Walter to have left the field without having right valiantly acquitted himself; and he exclaimed, 'Let me never be beloved by my lady, unless I have a course with one of these followers.' He then set his spear in its rest, and so did many of his companions. They ran at the first comers. Then legs were seen turned upwards, knights were taken and rescued, and many rare deeds of arms were done by both parties. Afterwards the English slowly retired to the castle, and the French to their tents.

"Sir Walter, in all his measures of succour to the Countess of Brittany, showed himself one of the proudest knights of the age; but no act of his valor was so interesting as his rescue of two brother-knights, whom an uncourteous cavalier, called Sir Loyes of Spain, had condemned to death. Sir Walter said to his companions, 'It would be great honour for us if we could deliver out of danger yonder two knights; and even if we should fail when we put it in adventure, yet King Edward, our master, will thank us, and so will all other noble men. At least, it shall be said, how we did our utmost. A man should peril his body to save the lives of two such valiant knights.'

"So generous an emprise was willingly undertaken: the greatest part of his force attacked the enemy's camp, while Sir Walter himself, with a chosen band, went round to the quarter where, by the custom of war, the prisoners were kept. He found there the two knights, and he immediately set them upon good steeds, which he had brought with him for their use, and, shaking them by the hand, he made them gallop to a place of safety.

"No circumstance in this war was of more importance than the relief of the castle Auberche, then beleaguered by the French. The Earl of Derby had with him only 300 spears, and 600 archers, the rest of his force being dispersed over the country. The French could count about ten or twelve thousand; but the English, undismayed by numbers, thought it was a great disgrace to abandon their friends in Auberche. The Earl of Derby and his knights were then in a wood, two little leagues from Auberche; and while waiting for the Earl of Pembroke they left their horses to pasture.

"While they were loitering in the fields, in this state of restlessness, Sir Walter Manny said to his companions, 'Let us leap on our horses, and wend our way under the covert of this wood till we arrive at the side which joins the Frenchmen's host; and then let us put our spurs into our horses, and cry our cries. Our enemy will then be at supper, and, not expecting us, you shall see them so discomfited, that they shall not be able to preserve any array.' A scheme so adventurous was readily embraced: every man mounted his horse; and the troop coasted the wood till they came near the French, who were going to supper, and some, indeed, were already seated at the tables. The scene of festivity was broken up when the English displayed their banners and pennons, and dashed their spurs into their horses, and raising the cry, 'A Derby, a Derby!' rushed among them, overthrowing tents and pavilions. When the French recovered from their astonishment, they mounted their steeds, and rode into the field in military array; but there they found the English archers ready to receive them, and those bold yeomen shot so fiercely that they slew many men and horses. On the other side of the castle there was a noble display of French chivalry; and the Englishmen, having overcome those who were near the tents, dashed boldly among them. Many noble deeds of arms were done, knights were taken and rescued, and the English cause triumphed; for the knights of the castle had armed themselves, and now issued forth, and rushed into the thickest of the press. Then the Englishmen entered into Auberche; and the Earl of Derby gave a sapper to the earls and viscounts who were prisoners, and to many of the knights and squires, lauding God, at the same time, that a thousand of his own nation had overcome many thousands of their enemies, and had rescued the town of Auberche, and saved their companions that were within, who, in all likelihood, would have been taken within two days.

"The next morning, at sunrise, the Earl of Pembroke reached the castle with his company of three hundred spears, and four thousand archers; and his personal chivalry was mortified that so fine a deed of knighthood had been done without him; and he said to the Earl of Derby, 'Certainly, cousin, you have shown me great uncourtesy to fight with our enemies without me. You sent for me, and might have been sure I would not fail to come.'

"'Fair cousin,' quoth the Earl of Derby, 'we greatly desired to have you with us: we tarried all day till it was far past noon, and when we saw that you did not come, we did not dare

to abide any longer; for if our enemies had known of our coming, they would have had great advantage over us, but now we have the advantage over them." The Earl of Pembroke was well contented with this fair reply, and gallantly fought with his brother noble during the remainder of the war.

"We need not describe Sir Walter's feats of arms before La Reole, besieged by the Earl of Derby; but when the town surrendered, a little circumstance occurred beautifully illustrative of the character of our knight. His father had been murdered near that place, as he was making a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, in Spain, and had been buried in a little chapel in the field which then was without the town of La Reole, but was enclosed within the walls when the Earl of Derby conquered it. Sir Walter inquired if there was any one who could show him his father's tomb, offering an hundred crowns for his knowledge and labour. A man, grey and bent with age, went to the knight and declared, 'Sir, I think I can bring you near the place where your father was buried.' Manny then, in his joy at the promise, answered, 'If your words be true, I will keep covenant and more.' The townsman led him to the place of sepulture; and they found a little tomb of marble which the servants of the deceased pilgrim had respectfully lain over him. The old man, pointing to it, exclaimed, 'Sir, under that tomb lies your father.' Then the Lord of Manny read the scripture on the tomb, which was in Latin; and finding that his guide had declared the truth, he gave him his reward. He afterwards caused the bones of his father to be taken up, and removed to Valenciennes, in the county of Hainault. There his obsequies were right sacredly performed: the helmet, the sword, the gauntlet, the spurs, and the tabard, were hung over his grave, and as long as the family of Manny lived in that country, sad and solemn priests yearly chanted masses for his soul.

"Among the flower of Edward's chivalry, Sir James Audley must be mentioned; not, indeed, that a detailed history of his exploits would be interesting; but there was one series of circumstances in his life honourable to his name and chivalric character, and distinct and peculiar from every thing else in the manners of other ages.

"Immediately before the battle of Poitiers Sir James said to the Black Prince, 'Sir, I have always truly served my Lord your father, and you also, and I shall do so as long as I live; and to prove my disposition, I once made a vow that the first battle wherein either the King, your father, or any of his sons, should be engaged, I would be one of the first setters on, or I would die in the endeavour. Therefore, I request your Grace, in reward for any service that ever I did to the King your father, or to you, that you would give me licence to depart from you, in order that I may accomplish my vow.'

"The Prince accorded to his desire; and, taking him by the hand, exclaimed, 'Sir James, may God give you this day grace to be the proudest knight of all my host.' Audley then departed, and set himself in front of the English battles, accompanied only by four squires, who had sworn never to desert him. He was anticipated in his gallant purpose by the Lord Eustace Damberticourt, whose chivalry was inspired by the lady Juliana, but he continued in the front of the battle, performing marvels of arms. He lost no valuable moments in taking prisoners, but when he had disarmed one adversary he pressed forwards to another. He was severely hurt, both in the body and in the face; and, at the conclusion of the battle,

his four squires took him out of the battle, and, laying him under a hedge, bound up his wounds.

"Edward soon enquired after the fate of his gallant friend; and Sir James expressing his joy that his Prince should think of so poor a knight as he was, called eight of his servants, and made them bear him in a litter to the royal tent.

"The Prince took him in his arms, and embracing him with true fraternal affection, said, 'Sir James, I ought greatly to honour you, for your valiantness this day has passed the renown of us all.'

"Sir, answered the knight, with true chivalric modesty, 'you say as it pleaseth you. I would it were so; but if I have this day advanced myself to serve you, and to accomplish my vow, no prowess ought to be reputed to me.'

"Sir James, replied the Prince, 'I and all my knights consider you as the best doer in arms this day; and, in order that you may the better pursue these wars, I retain you for ever as my knight, with five hundred marks of yearly revenue.'

"Sir James, after expressing his thanks, was taken back to his tent. He then called the four squires before him, and resigned to them the Prince's gift, saying, it was to their valiantness that he owed it. The Prince soon heard of this noble action, and, sending for him, enquired why he renounced his kindness. Sir James craved pardon for his conduct, but affirmed he could do no otherwise; for his squires had that day several times saved his life, and enabled him to accomplish his vow. Edward's nobleness disdained any feeling of personal offence; and, in generous emulation of his friend's liberality, he made in his favour a new grant, more valuable than the former one.

The generous spirit of chivalry is also finely displayed in the following anecdote of Sir John Chandos, one of the bravest of Edward the Third's many brave knights.

"His deeds of arms equalled his former fame; but it was his chivalric generosity that was most striking, and the circumstances which accompanied the appearance of that feature of his character are very interesting. He wished the Earl of Pembroke, who was in garrison at Mortagne, to accompany him in an enterprise into the French territory. The Earl was well content to have ridden forth; but some of the knights of his counsel broke his purpose, and said, 'Sir, you are but young, and your nobleness is to come; and if you put yourself into the company of Sir John Chandos, he shall have the reputation and voice of it, for you will be regarded only as his companion; therefore, Sir, it is better for you, since you are a great lord, that you perform your enterprises by yourself, and let Sir John Chandos perform his; for in comparison with your estate, he is but a knight bachelor.'

"The Earl of Pembroke accordingly excused himself; and Sir John Chandos, unaided by him, went into Anjou, accompanied by three hundred spears of knights and squires, and two hundred archers. He achieved all his enterprises; and hearing at last that Sir Louis of Sancerre, the Marshal of France, with a great number of men of war, was at Hay in Touraine, he wished to cope with him; but as his own force was inadequate to so great an exploit, he sent word of his intention to the Earl of Pembroke, desiring him to repair with his soldiers to Chatellerault.

"Chandos the herald took the message; but the Earl by counsel of his knights again refused. The Herald repaired to Sir John at Chatellerault, and the enterprise was broken up in consequence of the presumption and pride of the Earl of Pembroke: Chandos gave leave to most of his com-

pany to depart, and he himself went to Poitiers. Some of his men joined the Earl of Pembroke; who, at the head of three hundred knights and squires, committed great destruction in Anjou, and returned with immense booty into Poitou.

"The Frenchmen, thinking it a more easy cheivance to discomfit him than Sir John Chandos, assembled seven hundred soldiers from all the garrisons in the country, and Sir Louis of Sancerre took the command. The Earl of Pembroke heard nothing of the enemy, and not having the vigilance of Sir John Chandos he took no pains to enquire. The English were one day reposing in a village called Pairenon, in the territory of Poitou, when suddenly the Frenchmen came into town, their spears in their rest, crying their cry, 'Our Lady of Sancerre, for the Marshal of France.' The English were dressing their horses, and preparing their suppers, when they were thus unexpectedly assailed. Several were killed, all the plunder was retaken, many prisoners were made, and the Earl of Pembroke and some of his knights and archers saved themselves in a preceptory of the Templars. The Frenchmen assaulted it gallantly, and it was as gallantly defended, till night put an end to the assault.

"The English were so severely straitened for provisions, that they knew they must speedily surrender, unless Chandos came to their succour. A squire, who professed to know the country, offered to go to Sir John, and he accordingly left the fortress when the French had retired to rest. But he soon lost his road, and did not recover it till morning.

"At day-break the French renewed their assaults, and mounted the walls with pavises to defend their heads from the missiles of the English. The Earl of Pembroke and his little band fought so bravely, from morning until noon, that the French were obliged to desist, and to resort to the uncavalierlike mode of worshipping their gallant foes by sending to the neighbouring villages for pikes and mattocks, that they might undermine and break down the wall.

"Then the Earl of Pembroke called a squire to him, and said, 'Friend, take my courser, and issue out at the back postern, and ride straight to Poitiers, and show Sir John Chandos the state and danger we are in, and recommend me to him by this token,' added the Earl, taking a ring from his finger: 'deliver it to him, for Sir John knows it well.'

"The squire took the ring, and immediately mounting his courser, fled through the postern, thinking he should achieve great honour if he could reach Sir John Chandos.

"The first squire having lost so much time in the confusion of the night did not arrive at Poitiers till nine in the morning. He found Sir John at mass; and, in consequence of the importance of his message, he disturbed his devotions. Chandos's feelings had been severely offended by the pride and presumption of the Earl of Pembroke, and he was in no great haste to relieve him. He heard the mass out. The tables were then arranged for the noon repast.

"The servants, among whom the message of the squire had been bruited, enquired of Sir John if he would go to dinner. He replied, 'Yes, if it were ready.'

"He went into the hall, and knights and squires brought him water. While he was washing, the second squire from the Earl of Pembroke, pale, weary, and travel-soiled, entered the hall, and knelt before him, and took the ring out of his purse, and said, 'Right dear Sir, the Earl of Pembroke recommends himself to you by this token, and heartily desires your assistance in relieving him from his present danger at Pairenon.'

"Chandos took the ring; but instead of calling his friends to arm, he coldly observed, that it would be difficult to assist the Earl if the affair were such as the squire represented it. 'Let us go to dinner,' said he, and accordingly the knights sat down.

"The first course was eaten in silence, for Chandos was thoughtful, and the minds of his friends were not idle.

"In the middle of the second course, when the generous wine of France had roused his better nature, he started from a reverie, and with a smile of pride and generosity exclaimed, 'Sirs, the Earl of Pembroke is a noble man, and of great lineage: he is the son of my natural lord the King of England, for he hath married his daughter, and in every thing he is companion to the Earl of Cambridge. He hath required me to come to him, and I ought to consent to his desire.'

"Then thrusting the table from him, and rising to the full height of his fine marshal figure, he cried, 'Gallant knights, I will ride to Purennon.'

"This noble and generous resolve found an echo in the heart of every one that were present. The trumpets sounded, the knights hastily donned their armour, and saddled the first horses they could meet with; and in a few moments the court-yard glittered with more than two hundred spears. They rode apace towards Purennon; but news of their approach reached the vigilant French in sufficient time for them to abandon the siege, and effect their retreat with their prisoners and booty."

To these details, so characteristic of the age of Chivalry, we would add a few traits. The following is of—

Female Chivalry.—"In the fourteenth century, a band of bold and wealthy burghers established themselves with their wives and children in one of the largest of these fortresses, as a barrier against the maraudings of the nobility. They became so powerful, and their deportment was so chivalric, that some of the neighbouring knights formed alliances with them. A potent baron harassed them in various ways; and after various battles, each party was willing that words, and not the sword, should terminate the war. They accordingly met on a spot of borderland, and, after arranging the immediate subject of dispute, they embraced as brothers in chivalry. While these citizen-knights were absent, the women, who remained behind, joyfully assembled on a sunny plain, which spread itself before the castle. They walked up and down, each lady praising the martial qualities of her lord. As the discourse proceeded, they became inspired with that heroic courage which they were commending, till at length they ordered the war-horses to be brought out with armour and weapons, resolving to hold a tournament. They were soon mounted and armed, and they took the names of their husbands. There was a maiden among them, and as modesty forbade her to take the name of any man of her own station in life, she chose the title of a neighbouring duke. She performed the martial exercises with such strength and adroitness, that most of the married women were cast by her from their saddles, and paid dearly by their wounds, for their temerity and adventurousness. They then left the plain, and such of them as were injured retired to their chambers, strictly charging the servants and pages to make no disclosure of what had passed. When the knights returned, and found the horses covered with foam and dust, and few ladies to greet them, they enquired the cause of this unwanted appearance. For a while no answer could be gained; but at length they terrified a

boy into a detail of the story. They laughed right merrily at the folly of their wives; and when, soon afterwards, they met some of the Rhenish knights at a festival, they made the hall echo with the tales, and it was soon bruited over all Germany. The duke, under whose name the honours of the tournament had been won, was surprised and pleased with the heroism of the maiden. He sought her out, gave her rich presents, not only in money, but a war-steed and a gentle palfrey, and united her in honourable marriage to a wealthy burgher."

But our extracts, like the age of chivalry, must have an end. Mr. Mills has made his finale as consolatory as it was possible for such last words to be; and we cannot do better than wind up our quotations by his own elegantly turned conclusion.

"But it is in the polish of modern society that the graces of chivalry are most pleasingly displayed. The knight was charmed into courtesy by the gentle influence of woman, and the air of mildness which she diffused has never died away. While such things exist, can we altogether assent to the opinion of a celebrated author; that 'the age of chivalry is gone?' Many of its forms and modes have disappeared; fixed governments and wise laws have removed the necessity for, and quenched the spirit of knight-errantry and romance; and, happily for the world, the torch of religious persecution has long since sunk into the ashes. But chivalric imagination still waves its magic wand over us. We love to link our names with the heroic times of Europe; and our armorial shields and crests confess the pleasing illusions of chivalry. The modern orders of military merit (palpable copies of some of the forms of middle-age distinctions) constitute the cheap defence of nations, and keep alive the personal nobility of knighthood. We wage our wars not with the cruelty of Romans, but with the gallantry of cavaliers; for the same principle is in influence now which of old inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity. Courtesy of manners, that elegant drapery of chivalry, still robes our social life; and liberality of sentiment distinguishes the gentleman, as in days of yore it was wont to distinguish the knight."

WEDDELL'S VOYAGE TO THE SOUTH SEA.

[Conclusion: *Tierra del Fuego.*]

HAVING endeavoured to show the excellence of this volume, in a Nautical and Geographical point of view, we are desirous of not letting its Topographical and Historical attractions pass without some notice; and we therefore conclude with the author's account of Cape Horn; which, from its imposing figure and situation, terminating the greatest north and south extension of land on the globe—from the disasters which have occurred in weathering it—and from the sufferings endured there by preceding navigators, as well as the slight stock of information we possess of its people, must induce considerations of more than common interest.

Tierra del Fuego.—"The islands of *Tierra del Fuego* extend in length about 360 miles, from east to west, along the Straits of Magellan; and in extreme breadth, from north to south, about 160, from the straits to the extremity of Cape Horn. This tract of country, as far as my information goes, contains a large population, particularly towards the shores of the Straits of Magellan. Most of those islands are studded on the sides with a small beach tree, about twenty-four feet high, and eight or ten inches in diameter. They grow so crooked, that a straight trunk more than ten or twelve feet is rarely found. I built a boat of this wood, however, which

when seasoned, answered the purpose very well. In the interior of the country several mountain tops appear constantly covered with snow, though I do not consider the highest to be more than 3000 feet. The great length of day in the summer season has an enlivening effect; and, when the weather is fine and the water smooth, the wildness of the scenery is quite romantic. The volcano, which has been seen by several persons, in passing Cape Horn, was not at this time visible, but I picked up a quantity of vesicular flaggy lava, which, no doubt, had been ejected from it. Captain Basil Hall saw it in flame during his passage round Cape Horn, in the year 1822, in his Majesty's ship *Conway*; and in 1820, when on our first voyage, in the month of January, I saw the sky much reddened over *Tierra del Fuego*, which I supposed at the time was produced by the volcano. The climate of this region has been differently described by persons who have passed through it, and I doubt not but they have been respectively correct, inasmuch as they have framed their report from the circumstances of weather at each particular time. The fact is, that much depends on the direction of the wind; since, in the middle of summer, when it blows strong at south, proceeding from the icy land of Shetland, the thermometer will often stand so low as 38°; and, with the wind from the opposite quarter, the weather is frequently almost as fine as that of summer in England.—I saw no quadrupeds, except dogs and otters, nor do I think there are any others to the south of the Straits of Magellan."

The first anchorage of the *Jane* and *Beaufoy* was in St. Martin's Cove, where the approach of the natives was presently known by a singing noise, accompanied with a variety of gestures, which Mr. Weddell afterwards learned were symbols of friendship. "They paddled within eight or ten yards of the ship, and I desired our men to make friendly signs to them in return, conveying a wish for them to come on board; but they would not approach. Amazement was apparent in all their actions; and they seemed so agitated that, for a full quarter of an hour, they continued gabbling without the smallest intermission. At length their wonder at our persons having in some degree subsided, they paddled fore and aft about the ship, and were to all appearance undecided whether the vessel was dead or alive: for never having seen a ship before, it could not be expected that they should at once reason from the analogy which their canoes afforded. Finally having acquired more confidence, they came on the starboard side, and two of the men ventured on board. From their very miserable appearance, I thought the best office I could do them, would be to give them something to eat and drink. I therefore had beef, bread, and wine brought, and helped them plentifully. Of the beef they eat a little, but neither the good Madeira wine nor the bread was acceptable.

"I soon saw that they were particular in keeping their women in their canoes, at which I was not sorry, as from the jealous disposition of savages in general, it was advisable for us to avoid any intercourse with their wives. I did not, however, neglect helping the ladies to a little wine, which I gave them in a jannaped cup; and this utensil appeared so marvellously fine in their eyes, that they spilled the wine in examining it, and cunningly retained it. I did not attempt to recover the cup, as I thought they were certainly in want of it for drinking with; but on the following day I saw it in about a dozen stripes suspended at the women's necks.

"The men seemed astonished at all they saw, and every kind of iron work attracted their attention more than any thing else—a cast iron

pot of 200 gallons surprised them so much, that they were even afraid to approach it. Perceiving their fondness for this metal, and having a quantity of hoops on board, I gave each of them a piece, with which they were quite delighted; and soon after receiving the present they left us, and repaired to their wigwags, which were situated at the head of the harbour.

"On the following morning, by sunrise, they were lying off, making a great shouting, expressive of their anxiety to see us, and to get aboard. I had given orders that they should not be admitted till our crew were called on deck in the morning, which was usually at four o'clock. In the course of a little time a third canoe was seen approaching, which our first visitors met at some distance from the ship; and by their coming immediately on board all together, it was evident that the latter had been informed by their countrymen of the friendly reception they had met with. The number of our present visitors was twenty-two men, women, and children, and now that they had acquired confidence in our amicable intentions, they became interesting and amusing. I gave them all in turns a sight of the cabin; and the bright stove, and the looking-glass, were objects that pleased them greatly. The monkey trick of looking behind the mirror for the reflected object was frequently practised; and though they had no doubt often seen themselves reflected in the water, yet having never before observed so sudden and distinct an appearance, their intuitive judgment was not sufficiently acute to satisfy them of the similarity.

"Knowing the propensity Indians generally have to stealing, a watch was kept over them; but on the boatswain returning from the head of the harbour, he informed me that they had stripped a barrel of the hoops. An adept in the art of pilfering had also displayed no mean talent in stealing an iron belaying pin, notwithstanding the strictness of the look-out. I judged it proper to impress them with an idea of the offence of stealing; and accordingly placed this criminal in the main rigging, and gave him a smart lash with a cat of nine tails, making him understand that it was a punishment for the crime of which he had been guilty. This gentle chastisement had the desired effect, for they were ever after afraid even to lift a piece of iron without permission."

On the next visit "the Fuegians came in a different dress, or rather colouring, for the women had changed the hue of their countenances from red to jet black, and the men were decorated with red and white streaks running horizontally across the face. Their appearance altogether was as grotesque as can well be imagined; though in their estimation it was, no doubt, considered the perfection of fashion. In the early part of our acquaintance, whenever I expressed a desire for any of their small articles they gave me them without any return; but now they had acquired an idea of barter, and in exchange for any of their articles of simple manufacture, they demanded something bright, such as buttons, &c.; but bits of iron hoops were particularly objects of esteem, and I have no doubt, but in this trifle they conceived our riches to consist.

"A youth of engaging features whom I had on board, was the most successful in this traffic; the women seemed much interested with him, though I am at a loss to know whether they were right in their idea of his sex, as with them the females do all the work, and this youth was here kept in constant employment. I procured a young dog from them, which was remarkable for its cunning; they have only one kind of this

animal, and it partakes much of the nature of the fox, resembling it a good deal about the head, and being nearly the size of the terrier. They are remarkably fond of their dogs; and if they have any object to which they ascribe supernatural power, it may possibly be to them, since their attention to them; and dependence on them for safety, is greater than could be expected."

The knowledge of barter presently increased the spirit for thieving; an instance of which is worth mentioning, as it exhibits in a remarkable degree the power of imitation in this people:

"A sailor had given a Fuegian a tin pot full of coffee, which he drank, and was using all his art to steal the pot. The sailor, however, recollecting after a while that the pot had not been returned, applied for it, but whatever words he made use of were always repeated in imitation by the Fuegian. At length, he became enraged at hearing his requests reiterated, and placing himself in a threatening attitude, in an angry tone, he said, 'You copper-coloured rascal, where is my tin pot?' The Fuegian, assuming the same attitude, with his eyes fixed on the sailor, called out, 'You copper-coloured rascal, where is my tin pot?' The imitation was so perfect, that every one laughed, except the sailor, who proceeded to search him, and under his arm he found the article missing. For this audacious theft, he would have punished the mimic, but Mr. Brisbane interposing, sent him into his canoe, and forbade his being allowed to come on board again."

"The savage custom of the women doing all the work, prevails here; they paddle the canoes, while the men sit at their ease; they gather the shell-fish food, rear the children, build the wigwags, and, in short, perform every duty that requires exertion, though in return the men show a good deal of affection for their wives, and are careful of their offspring. An instance of their parental affection appeared on occasion of my visiting their wigwags one morning unexpectedly, when, supposing that I had come on shore to steal their children, they unfolded them in their arms, and all the signs of amity I could express, were insufficient to induce them to let them go.

"The stature of these Fuegians is low. I measured two of their ordinary sized men, and found one of them five feet four inches, and the other five feet five. The contour of their faces, and the form of their heads are those which are found to be peculiar to most Indians: they have flat noses, small eyes, full and well-formed chests, small arms;—their legs are small and ill shaped, arising, no doubt, from the custom of sitting on their calves, in which situation their appearance is truly awkward. The women are better featured than the men: many of their faces are interesting, and, in my opinion, they have a more lively ~~sense~~ of what passes. The only clothing the males wear, is a skin over their shoulders, reaching little more than half way down the back; some have not even this sorry garment. The women have generally a larger skin over their shoulders, and are, in other respects, clothed as decency requires; and even the youngest of their female children have the same covering, which evinces a degree of modesty seldom found amongst untutored people."

On quitting this anchorage, Mr. Weddell presented each of the men with a piece of hoop, and each of the women, by way of a medal, with a brightened halfpenny, with a hole punched for a string, for suspending it to the neck. "For these trifles (says our author) they were very grateful, and I took farewell of them with a hearty shake of the hand. Being now at ease, they commenced their usual roar and paddled off."

In the various shiftings of the vessels they were always visited by the natives, and with expressions of astonishment that indicated their never before having seen strangers. In Sydney Cove, the features and stature of several of the men differed so much from the general character of Fuegians, as to induce Mr. W. to think that these differences might be faint traces of the Spaniards, who about 250 years ago made a settlement in the Straits of Magellan, an idea in some measure strengthened by the natives using the Spanish words *canoa* for canoe, and *perro* for dog. But, says our author,

"I found great difficulty in acquiring a slight knowledge of their language, from their continually repeating my words in imitation; so that I am not quite decided as to the meaning of many of their sounds, and shall therefore not attempt to describe them particularly. *Seyam* means Water; *Abaish*, Woman; *Sheeroo*, Appropriation; *Nosh*, Displeasure. And in most of their words it may be observed that the sounds S and Sh predominate. The above words are found to correspond pretty nearly with the words of similar meaning in the Hebrew language. Thus I am informed that *yam* means sea or water, and *ausha*, woman, in Hebrew; and also that the sounds S and Sh occur perpetually in that language. The words *canoa*, a canoe, and *perro*, a dog, may also be ultimately referred to the same original; for in Hebrew, *canaa* means a hollow reed or receptacle, a cane,—and *pera*, a wild animal. These and many other words, originally Hebrew, which are to be found in the Spanish language, can be easily accounted for, as having found their way into it through the Arabic, the language of the Moors; but how the Fuegians could get hold of Hebrew words is certainly a question of some interest to philologists."

Mr. Weddell describes the Fuegians as, in many respects pitiable: inhabiting a rugged and mountainous country in an inclement climate, which forbid agriculture and all the pursuits that invigorate the body and call forth the energies of mind, these poor creatures are in a state of almost pristine ignorance. As the islands produce few quadrupeds, they cannot depend on hunting for their subsistence; their time is therefore almost wholly occupied in fishing and in moving from one island to another. Of religious worship of any kind they appear to have no idea. Their habits are docile; and at the report of a great gun the women shrieked and the men stood appalled. Their method of procuring fire is by rubbing iron pyrites and a flinty stone together, and catching the sparks in a dry substance resembling moss. Their only missiles are, the bow, sling, and spear (the barb of the latter being of bone.) These, with bead necklaces, baskets of plaited grass, and canoes, comprise their manufactures. Mr. Weddell purchased of them a canoe for two iron hoops; and the vendors were highly pleased with the bargain. Nothing like a chief could be made out among the Fuegians, nor did they seem to require one, for their behaviour to one another was most affectionate, and all property seemed to be possessed in common. . . . But in thus epitomising we do a disservice to the author, whose account of this people is replete with intelligence, beside that it closes with an appeal on their behalf that does equal honour to the writer's head and heart, and which on every account claims to be universally read. Upon the whole, we must finish with this compliment to him; for we are sure that his honest seamanlike qualities (so apparent through all the extracts we have made) render any further effort to recommend him to public favour altogether unnecessary.

KEATING'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA.—[3d Notice.]

SPEAKING of the ancient mounds which are found scattered over the district through which the Expedition took its way at the period at which our last observations left it, the author remarks:

"It is probable that Prairie du Chien was formerly the seat of a large Indian population. The beauty of the country, its favourable characters for hunting, its delightful situation on the banks of the river, must have made it a pleasant abode for Indians; it is doubtful, or at least we have not been able to ascertain, to what nation belonged the family of the Dog Indians, whose name it bears. This family has become extinct; the traditions concerning the fate of its members are very indistinct; it is said that a large party of Indians came down the Wisconsin from Greenbay; and after having massacred nearly the whole of them, returned again to the Bay; that a few of the Dogs, who had succeeded in making their escape to the woods, returned after their enemies had evacuated the prairie, and re-established themselves in their former residence: and that these were the Indians found at that place by the first French settlers.

"This spot, like many of those early settled, has been graced with traditions, which, if they contribute but little to the history of our north-west Indians, adorn at least with the charm of romance and fable some of its most beautiful scenery. Among these, that which is related of one of the caverns on the banks of Kickapoo creek, appears to us to deserve notice. It is said that, in one of the niches or recesses formed by the precipice, there is a gigantic mass of stone presenting the appearance of a human figure. It is so sheltered, by the overhanging rocks, and by the sides of the recess in which it stands; as to assume a dark and gloomy character. They relate, on this subject, that long since, a battle was fought on the banks of the Mississippi between the inhabitants of the prairie and their enemies; in which conflict the latter were victorious, and succeeded in killing a great number of the former; that an inhabitant of the prairie, who was a very good woman, having received several wounds during the engagement, effected her escape and withdrew to the hills, where she was near perishing with hunger; that while wandering along the banks of this stream, a kind spirit took pity of her, and converted her into this monument to which he, moreover imparted the power of suddenly killing any Indian that approached near it. This power was exercised until the spirit, tired of the havoc which he had committed, ceased to display his vengeance any longer. Although the natives may therefore at present approach the statue with impunity, still they hold it in fear and veneration, and no one passes it without paying it the homage of a sacrifice of tobacco, &c.

"There are at present but few Indians in the immediate vicinity of the fort; and none can give an account of the works which are so abundantly scattered over the country. They say that the only means by which they can account for them is to suppose the country was probably inhabited, at a period anterior to the most remote traditions, by a race of white men, similar to those of European origin, and that they were cut off by their forefathers. This supposition is grounded upon the circumstance of their having found human bones buried in the earth at a much greater depth than that at which they are accustomed to inter their dead; and in graves which differ from theirs, inasmuch as they are unaccompanied by instruments of any kind, whereas they never omit depositing the arms, &c. with the corpse of

the deceased. It is also said that tomahawks of brass (?) and other implements differing from those in common use among the present Indians, have likewise been found under the surface of the ground. The fortifications appear to them likewise to be a proof of the correctness of their opinion, as none of the Indians are in the habit of constructing works of a similar character, and as indeed they are unacquainted with the utility of them.

"Mr. Brisbois, who has been for a long time a resident of Prairie du Chien, informed me that he saw the skeletons of eight persons, that were found in digging a cellar near his house, lying side by side. They were of a gigantic size, measuring about eight feet from head to foot. He added, that he took a leg bone of one of them and placed it by the side of his own leg, in order to compare the length of the two; the bone of the skeleton extended six inches above his knee. None of these bones could be preserved, as they crumbled to dust soon after they were exposed to the atmosphere."

Among the Sauks it is stated:

"Some of the warriors whom we saw in the chief's cabin were very fine looking men. One of them, whose face was covered over with charcoal, bore so strong a resemblance to the portraits of Napoleon, that all our party were struck with it. It was rather to Bonaparte as first consul, than as emperor, that the resemblance was great, for he had not the corpulence which the ex-emperor had acquired; not only his features, but even the conformation of his head, shared in the general resemblance. We could not learn that he was a distinguished man in the nation.

"During Major Long's visit to Wapasha's village in 1817, he witnessed part of a very interesting ceremony known by the name of the bear dance. It is usual to perform it when a young man is anxious to bring himself into notice; and it is considered as a sort of initiation into the state of manhood. On the ground, where it was performed, there was a pole supporting a kind of flag, made of a faun's skin dressed with the hair on; upon the flesh side of it, were drawn certain figures indicative of the dream which the candidate had enjoyed; for none can go through this ceremony, who has not been favoured with dreams. To the flag a pipe was suspended as a sacrifice; two arrows were stuck up at the foot of the pole; and painted feathers, &c. were strewn upon the ground near it. These articles appertained to the religious rites, which accompany the ceremony, and which consist in bewailing and self mortifications; the object of these is that the Great Spirit may be induced to pity them and assist them in the undertaking. At two or three hundred yards from the flag there is an excavation which they call the bear's hole, and which is prepared for the occasion; it is about two feet in depth, and has two ditches, each one foot deep, leading across it at right angles. The candidate places himself in this hole to be hunted by the rest of the young men, all of whom, on this occasion, are dressed in their best attire, and painted in their neatest style. The hunters approach the hole, in the direction of one of the ditches, and discharge their guns, which were previously loaded with black cartridges, at the youth who acts the part of the bear; whereupon he leaps from his den, having a hoop in each hand, and a wooden lance; the hoops serving as forefeet to aid him in characterising his part, and his lance to defend him from his assailants. Thus accoutred, he dances round the plain, exhibiting various feats of activity, while the other Indians pursue him and endeavour to trap him, as he attempts to return to his den; to effect which, he is permitted to

use, with impunity, any violence that he pleases against his assailants, even to taking the life of any of them. This part of the ceremony is performed three times, that the bear may escape from his den and return to it again, through three of the avenues communicating with it. On being hunted from the fourth, or last avenue, the bear must make his escape through all his pursuers, if possible, and fly to the woods, where he is to remain through the day. This, however, is seldom or never accomplished, as all the young men exert themselves to the utmost, in order to trap him. When caught, he must retire to a lodge prepared in the field for his reception; there he is to be secluded from all society during the day, except that of one of his particular friends, whom he is allowed to take with him, as an attendant. There he smokes and performs various other rites which superstition has left the Indian to consider as sacred; after this ceremony is ended, the youth is considered as qualified to act any part, as an efficient member of the community. The Indian who has had the good fortune to catch the bear and overcome him, when endeavouring to make his escape to the woods, is considered a candidate for preferment, and is, on the first suitable occasion, appointed a leader of a small war party, in order that he may have a further opportunity of testing his powers, and of performing some essential service in behalf of his nation. It is accordingly expected that he will kill some of their enemies, and return with their scalps."

When the party had proceeded so far as to ascend the St. Peter's River, we find the following particulars, novel or entertaining:

"There was something gratifying, and yet melancholy, in the recollection that we had thus for a while bid adieu to civilization, and that before us we had nothing but a wide and untravelling land, where no white men resided, except such as had forsworn their country and the friends of their youth; who, either out of aversion for society, or for the sake of lucre, had withdrawn from its social circle, to dwell in the midst of the uncivilized tenants of the forest. . . .

"By the route which we travelled, the distance from the mouth of the St. Peter to the head of Big Stone Lake is 325 miles, of which we ascended 150 by water. We entertain no doubt that the distance, in a direct line by land, would fall short of 230 miles; and that the whole length of the river, including all its bends, does not exceed 500 miles. The traders, whose estimates almost always exceed the truth, do not ascribe to it a length of more than 600 miles. How different these observations are from the opinions formerly entertained of this stream, may be judged from the assertion of Breckenridge, that it is 1000 miles long. Other authors allow it 1200 miles. Carver states it, on the authority of the Indians, to take its rise in the same neighbourhood as, and within the space of a mile of, the source of the Missouri; he adds that the northern branch rises from a number of lakes near the Shining Mountains. But we can place no dependence upon the information which he gives from second-hand, when we find it blended with such fictions as are contained in the following extract: 'The river St. Pierre, which runs through the territory of the Naudowessies, flows through a most delightful country, abounding with all the necessities of life, that grow spontaneously, and with a little cultivation it might be made to produce even the luxuries of life. Wild rice grows here in great abundance, and every part is filled with trees, bending under their loads of fruits, such as plums, grapes, and apples. The meadows are covered with hops and many sorts of vegetables, while the ground

is stored with useful roots, with angelica, spike-nard, and ground-nuts as large as hens' eggs. We were not so fortunate as to meet with those apples, plums, and other good things, which grew spontaneously sixty years since in the country."

"We never were tormented at any period of our journey more than when travelling in the vicinity of the St. Peter. The mosquitoes generally rose, all of a sudden, about the setting of the sun. Their appearance was so instantaneous, that we had no time to prepare ourselves against them; whenever we had the good fortune to encamp previous to their sallying from their hiding places, our great object was to complete our evening meal before they commenced their attack, for this we found ourselves unable to resist; and we have not unfrequently been so much annoyed by these insects, as to be obliged to relinquish an unfinished supper, or to throw away a cup of tea, which we could not enjoy, while stung on all sides by the countless numbers of mosquitoes. When a high wind reduced their numbers, we found some relief from remaining in a dense cloud of smoke; but even this proved of no avail, when, from the calmness or heat of the atmosphere, their numbers were undiminished. In such cases, our only alternative was to endure their stings, or to smother under the weight of a blanket in which we wrapped ourselves up, covering our faces, hands, &c. To protect our feet and legs, we were obliged to lie with our boots on. The annoyance continued until some time after sunrise, when the increasing heat of the day drove them back into their recesses. The sleepless nights which we frequently passed, when exposed to this torment, rendered this part of our journey the most fatiguing. Our horses fared even worse, for they were exposed, like us, during the night, to the sting of the mosquito, and during the day the big horse-fly proved equally noxious.

"We proceeded across some fine rolling prairies, in a course south of west, for about nine miles, when we saw the remains of Indian habitations; they were deserted. Upon a scaffold, raised eighteen feet above the ground, and situated upon an elevated part of the prairie, the putrefying carcasses of an Indian lay exposed to view. It had not been enclosed in a box, but merely shrouded in a blanket, which the wind and atmospheric influence had reduced to tatters. Fifteen horizontal black marks, drawn across one of the posts that supported the scaffold, designated, as we were informed by Renville, that so many scalps had been offered in sacrifice to the deceased, by those who danced at the funeral."

To these details of Indian manners we shall probably have still some additions to make; which the presence of more new and interesting matter prevents us from adding in this Gazette.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Domestic Anecdotes, with Moral Reflections. 12mo. Westley. 1825.

THESE little anecdotes of not uncommon domestic occurrences, are communicated in a series of letters between an aunt and niece, and accompanied by some excellent remarks on the various occasions. Many of them are interesting, and almost all of them calculated to improve the youthful mind. There are also some poetical compositions, rather superior than equal to what could be looked for in a volume of this class.

The Holy War, a Vision, &c. By John Bunyan Redivivus. 12mo. W. Cole. 1825.

A POEM of great length, for a temporary popular subject, addressed against the Roman Catholics.

Claims, and with a grotesque frontispiece. We are more surprised at so much being done in such a form and at such a price, than at any thing else belonging to the publication.

The Unique. Vol. I. G. Smeeton.

WE mentioned this performance during its appearance in Numbers. It is now published in a collective form in large and small paper copies. Of the former, only 100 have been printed, so that the impression must have the charm of scarcity so dear to bibliomania. The two vols. in one (the complete work) contains eighty-six portraits of eminent or remarkable individuals, and costs three pounds, which is not far from eightpence per head.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICE FOR OCTOBER.

"Science for man unlocks her various store,
And gives enough to urge the wish for more;
Systems and Snus lie open to his gaze,
Nature invites his love, and God his praise."

BARBAULD.

The Planets rise during the present month as follows:

	Mercury.	Venus.	Mars.	Jupiter.	Saturn.
	Morn. hrs. min.	Morn. hrs. m.	Morn. hrs. m.	Morn. hrs. m.	Even. hrs. m.
October 7	4 45	2 56	2 24	2 40	8 28
— 13	5 18	3 14	2 23	2 24	8 5
— 19	5 55	3 32	2 22	2 8	7 52
— 25	6 31	3 50	2 20	1 52	7 19

Hence it appears that the most distant planets are at this time evening stars, and those are morning stars which they include in their orbits. Soon after midnight the heavens are arrayed in all their glory. Mars first emerges from the horizon, followed by Venus and Jupiter, all in the same constellation Leo, and within a few degrees of each other and the bright star Regulus. About an hour and a half before sunrise, Mercury will be distinctly visible. In the south-west, the descending moon adds to the grandeur of the planetary scene. In the east and south-east, the most magnificent of the constellations begin to appear:

"Bright Sirius gems the zone of night;
And, clad in giant-armour bright,
Orion, winter's sentinel, ascends, [suspends.]
And o'er the sleeping world his watchful light

Near the meridian will be seen the planet Saturn, between the Zodiacal constellations Taurus and Gemini.

Comet.—By observations made the 4th inst. 11 hours 15 minutes, its right ascension was 30° 45'. South declination 10° 15', and 6° 45' south of Mira, the variable star in the neck of the Whale. Hence it appears that the Comet has made considerable progress in a south-west direction, at the mean rate of five minutes of a degree in an hour. Should its motion continue equable, it will be seen this evening (Saturday) near τ in Cetus, consequently will rise at eight o'clock ESE and pass the meridian shortly after midnight, with an elevation of 20° above the horizon.

On Tuesday evening last, 4th inst. soon after it had risen, its tail was perpendicular to the horizon, in the form of an inverted cone, and with an extension of five degrees. When seen by the unassisted eye, the nucleus appeared occasionally like a lucid point, varying in its intensity, but when examined through a powerful glass, the result was confused and undefined. During its course several fixed stars were observed through its nebulosity.

It is most probable that this is the Comet seen by Professor Harding of Göttingen, on the 23d of August, in Orion. It is to be regretted that in

this, as in other instances, the astronomical data were omitted, a collection of which would aid the man of science in his calculations, and tend much to the improvement of cometary astronomy.

Latitude 51° 28' 40" North.
Longitude 0 0 50 West.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, FRIDAY, Oct. 7.—The Norrisian Professor of Divinity will begin his Lectures on Monday the 17th inst. and will continue them on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, for the remainder of the term.

MOSS'S MANUAL OF BIBLIOGRAPHY.

(Continued.)

SINCE the publication of our last article upon this subject, hostilities have been pronounced against us by Mr. Moss. Our readers will perhaps remember that this is not the first time we have roused the anger of a bibliographer; at all events a glance at our volume for 1821, may remind them, that we incurred the severe displeasure of the Rev. T. F. Dibdin for our humble attempt to persuade him that he was not infallible; that his tour was not quite so accurate or so amusing as might have been intended; nor himself so entirely the easy, learned, and accomplished traveller, which his own kind spirit might have suggested. We are now once more in the lists; and probably the whole of this Number, which we had hoped to devote to a better subject, must be occupied in recurring to those which have gone before.

In short, Mr. Moss has written a hard thing against us; a very perplexing thing indeed, in more than one signification; for it is neither a book, nor a pamphlet, nor a letter, nor an article, (if we may speak in allusion to the periodical press;) but a very long puff subjoined to an advertisement of his own book, in a catalogue, we believe, of similar goods from his own publisher. This again is tacked on to the last Number of the Gentleman's Magazine; a novel and striking mode of publication, though somewhat reminding us of the Tuscan tyrant's very original style of torture, in 'tying and binding by the chain,' (as Mr. Moss says of himself and Dr. Dibdin) a dead body to a living one;

"Mortua quineti in iungebant corpora vivis;"

[En. 8. 485.]

to the great discomfiture and unsightliness of the latter party.

But we have no desire to wave a single point in dispute. We are accused then of calling Maittaire an antiquary: now, in the first place, this assertion on our opponent's part, is not true, and he knows it is not true: our words were these; "The plan of his *Annales Typographici* was calculated to display more of the Antiquary than the scholar;" so is Mr. Moss's plan fully adapted to display both these characters, though of one at least we can safely pronounce him innocent. In the second place, we will just quote Mr. Moss's own words at a distance of not many lines; "he (Mr. Dibdin) is inferior to Maittaire and to Harwood, both as an antiquary and as a scholar;" and to do justice to Mr. Dibdin, we will freely confess our agreement with the learned on that subject, that as a bibliographical antiquary, he has very rarely been equalled, perhaps never surpassed. As to Maittaire's "diligence as a compiler" in his little editions of the Classics, we suppose the allusion is to his Indexes, and indeed we wish Mr. Moss had compiled his *book catalogue* as carefully. But on poor Dr. Harwood our author vents his spleen with as little delicacy as discernment. "I cannot bring myself to believe that he ever read through the various editions, so frequently as he has asserted that he has

done." We will not stoop to contradict an as-
 persion, however bold and unqualified, upon the
 veracity of a deceased divine, whose life was
 actively engaged in affectionate zeal towards his
 friends, humility to himself, and pious exertions
 for the welfare of all mankind. But Mr. Moss
 may have derived this selfish spirit of triumph
 over the dead from his friend Dr. Dibdin;
 whose paltry and malicious abuse of poor Gar-
 dner will record the author's unfeeling malig-
 nity, long after the dull affectation of his many
 thousand pages have ceased to remind us of the
 bibliographical Decameron. Be this as it may,
 Mr. Moss utterly denies that he is indebted to
 his friend for any part of the volumes before us;
 and urges, that with the exception of about *three*
instances, he has not consciously borrowed a *single*
epithet from him. Here our author seems to
 have conjured up a phantom for the amusement
 of laying it again, which however he may not
 find so easy a matter. His imitations of the "In-
 troduction to the Classics" were never thrown
 out against him as a crime, or even as a defect;
 the greatest poets in the world have modelled
 their works according to older patterns, and freely
 borrowed whatever seemed capable of improve-
 ment for the service of their own poems. But
 as Mr. Moss insists upon being brought to trial,
 we may ask, Is it nothing to have framed the
 entire plan upon a prototype? is it nothing to
 have connected the entire arrangement, every
 division and subdivision, after the notions of
 another? is it nothing to have waded up the
 same streams to the same fountain-heads, that
 much which had been previously exhibited
 might be exhibited again, and much that had
 been hitherto rejected might now be brought to
 light? The vindication was unnecessary and
 uncalled for; but as it was offered voluntarily,
 we have claimed our right to scrutinize it,
 and may pronounce it, in the language of
 a great orator on a recent occasion, "a very
 miserable shuffle." The charge of facetiousness
 we may retort upon our adversary for his
 quotation from Dr. Butler's letter, the poi-
 gnancy of which we should fully admit, were
 it applicable to the present case; but indeed we
 must form to ourselves a far higher estimate of
 Mr. Moss's literary profession before we feel any
 impatience to launch out upon the same voyage.
 Respecting the narrow plan pursued in the ear-
 lier part of the author's first volume, for the
 previous notice of which he again solicits an al-
 lowance, we must refer the reader to our Review
 of Aug. 27, for our opinion upon that point;
 and for our want of "candour in not giving
 him credit for the various information which his
 pages contain," we trust an ample apology will
 be found in the commencement of our article for
 Sept. 10. We shall now run briefly through the
 whole of Mr. Moss's objections, and as briefly
 submit our own replies.

Mr. Moss—"The first article upon which the
 ingenuity of the Reviewer is exercised is the
 Edition of *Principes of Æschylus*, and the first sen-
 tence upon which he passes sentence of condem-
 nation is as follows: "In great request among the
 curious and lovers of Greek editions." Now this
 forms part only of a sentence which is a
 literal translation of the words of De Bure."

Answer—"The former part of the sentence does
 not in this instance throw any light upon the
 ambiguity of the latter, or we should not have
 failed to quote it; and whether the original
 words of De Bure be, or be not, intelligible to
 his countrymen, certainly Mr. Moss's translation
 is not so to ours.

Mr. Moss (in a quotation of our words)—
 "Though the greater part of it (the *Chæphoræ*)
 had appeared *four years before that of Aldus*."

Answer—"We will not here lay blame on Mr.
 Moss, unless he requests it himself; but we
 must observe, that in the succeeding Number of
 our Journal the above expression was thus no-
 ticed amongst the errata of the press: "for be-
 fore that, read before in that." We confess,
 however, that the circumstance of the "*Chæpho-
 ræ*" being printed in the edition of Turnebus,
 under the title of the "*Agamemnon*," has led us
 into the error (we trust not a very unnatural or
 unpardonable one) of supposing that edition to
 contain less than the preceding one of Aldus,
 which is well known to comprehend a portion of
 both the above-mentioned plays; and our mis-
 take was confirmed by the correct division of
 those plays in the subsequent impression by Ro-
 bertellus, in which both Dr. Harwood and Dr.
 Watt mention them as complete; though, in fact,
 the deficiencies of the *Agamemnon* were not sup-
 plied till the Paris edition of Victorius, and the
 commencing verses of the *Chæphoræ* were dis-
 covered by Canter in the Scholia to the *Frogs* of
 Aristophanes.

Mr. Moss—"It must be well known to every
 scholar that the Vatican furnished Victorius with
 those MSS."

Answer—"Yet Mr. Moss does not seem to have
 been aware of it, or why should he have omitted
 so curious and important a circumstance? We
 were at the trouble of reminding him of it, and
 find its *notoriety* pleaded in his own excuse,
 and somewhat of *ignorance* implied in ourselves
 for the *mention* of it. This is indeed an inge-
 nious method of turning his own defects into a
 sneer at his neighbours.

We see no further dissent between the author
 and critic, under the head of *Æschylus*, except-
 ing on the merits of Schütz's edition; to his
 authorities we shall oppose one, which, in our
 opinion, must outweigh them all, if at least it be
 really a production of the scholar to whom we
 hear it attributed. We allude to the Cambridge
Museum Criticum. As our author "will readily
 concede to Dr. Butler every thing the Reviewer
 would desire," we will not argue farther on
 what is partly a matter of opinion, but still main-
 tain, as Mr. Moss has done, our former statement,
 that *nothing but the want of a better*, or the
 dearth of preceding ones, could have made the
 edition by Schütz popular.

We have here to notice a remark, which is the
 subject of almost all Mr. Moss's farther censure
 upon us to the end of his Reply. "I did not,"
 says he, "attempt to give a character of the
 Aristophanes by Invernizius, but had recourse
 to the works of such Bibliographers as had pre-
 ceded me;" and "Dr. Dibdin has not, as the
 Reviewer states, given any opinion at all re-
 specting it." Now on this point we are anxious
 to be fully understood. Quotations may be in-
 troduced into composition for a variety of pur-
 poses; sometimes for the beauty or appositeness
 of sentiment or language, sometimes for an ele-
 gant or humorous contrast of style; at one
 time for commendation, at another for contra-
 diction; generally to give weight and sanction
 to what is advanced: but *always*, we conceive,
 when an opinion is quoted to illustrate a point in
 question, and that opinion is neither refuted
 nor qualified, nor even commented upon, then
 we conceive that such quotation is *always* to
 stand for the opinion of the writer who quotes it,
 as well as of the writer by whom it was origi-
 nally advanced. We do not think there is any
 room to deny this position; and by it Mr. Moss
 must inevitably fall, for pretending to sanction
 the judgments of Schoell and Mr. Kett on a point
 where he is compelled to acknowledge his own
 entire ignorance. We may add, that an opinion
 on the merits of two, or even *five* volumes of a

work which has since been extended to *eleven*,
 and is still imperfect, must be considered rather
 obsolete; and that, as Mr. Moss has omitted the
 usual distinction of inverted commas to his quota-
 tion, and Mr. Dibdin the reference to all autho-
 rity, except Clarke's Bibliographical Dictionary,
 published when only two volumes of the *Aristo-
 phanes* had been issued, one part of Mr. Moss's
 quotations may at any time be misconstrued as
 his own words, and the whole of both his and
 Dr. Dibdin's must be considered as inaccurate
 and unsatisfactory, by all who are acquainted
 with the volumes in question.

Of an inaccuracy in noticing the Ausonius of
 Tornæsius, we plead guilty; that the usual
 name of that printer was De Tournes, we could
 have told Mr. Moss, and indeed did tell him,
 though, it seems, he would have his friends be-
 lieve that we took them for *two different persons*.
 In the one instance we copied his *Latin name*, from
 the title; in the other his *French name*, from the
Royal Grant, the date of which induced us to
 believe that an edition had been published in
 1557. For confounding, at the moment, Lug-
 dunum Gallorum with Lugdunum Batavorum,
 and consequently naming it Leyden instead of
 Lyons, we are almost as angry with ourselves as
 Mr. Moss will be at finding how very little his
 ingenuity has proved against us; but for our
 notice, however, this edition would have been
 entirely overlooked.

Mr. Moss—"I have not expressed any opinion
 concerning Dr. Grainger's version of Tibullus,
 but have given a brief extract from the Monthly
 Review."

Our answer will be found in our preceding re-
 marks under the head of Invernizius' *Aristo-
 phanes*. The same observation applies with
 increased force to our author's praise of the
 Oxford Olivet Cicero. For not only does he
 admit that the opinion he has selected for his
 readers from the Critical Review is such as "his
 own sense of honesty and truth would have re-
 strained him from giving publicity to," but his own
 character of it, that "the Oxford edition is a
 very splendid one," though given only a few
 lines before, directly confirms one half of the
 very judgment, which his own scruples have now
 become too conscientious to admit. That we
 have been guilty of "translating from his
 Manual," we are quite unconscious, nor do we
 exactly understand the expression, though cer-
 tainly the gentleman's *idion* is capable of great
 improvement. We willingly enumerated every
 advantage that Mr. Moss had urged in favour of
 the Oxford Cicero, and if this is the "*transla-
 tion*" to which he alludes, it is a melancholy
 proof how ineffectual his commendation must be
 considered towards sustaining the reputation of
 an ill-edited work.

We cannot help regretting the typographical
 inaccuracies which are too apt to creep into every
 periodical journal. In consequence of the very
 short time which our weekly sheet must neces-
 sarily be in the press, the printer has frequently
 more entrusted to his care than we would permit,
 were it possible to make such arrangements, that
 every writer might revise the proof-sheet of his
 own contributions. But there is no remedy for
 this inconvenience, and the result is that dates,
 proper names, and quotations in foreign languages
 are more frequently misprinted than we could
 wish, though we trust the other portions of our
 Gazette are not often deformed by similar defects.
 As therefore the tables of "errata" which we
 have generally subjoined in each ensuing Number
 do not seem to have been observed, and one im-
 portant error has in consequence been noticed as
 our own, which was in fact solely our printer's,
 and which was immediately corrected; and as

Mr. Moss has warned us of other similar faults we will here subjoin our previous corrections of this kind, together with those in the Number for September 24; observing, however, that we do not notice such as are trivial and evident at first sight, but those only which, if not amended would infer some ignorance or inaccuracy in the writer.

No. 449, page 546, col. 1, line 48, for before that read before in that—line 53, for of no consequence read consequence—col. 2, line 54, for edition read editor.—No. 450, page 568, col. 1, line 13, for Erpenius read Erpenius—col. 3, line 29, for Dunstan read Dunster—page 569, col. 1, line 13, for to Aristotle read on Aristotle—No. 451, page 583, col. 1, line 50, for edition read copy—line 53, for Oudendorp, 1780-800 read Oudendorp 1780, 8vo.—No. 453, page 616, col. 1, line 6, for is read in—line 21, for paper read copy—line 45, for collection read collation.

We have now proceeded minutely and candidly through every item in "Mr. Moss's reply to the remarks in the Literary Gazette," and we trust our offences, being fairly reduced to only two inaccuracies, will stand forgiven by all parties.

But we have occupied so much of our own room and our reader's attention, that we must draw towards a close. We regret the conduct of Mr. Moss, and we trust he will see reason to regret it himself. He has accused us of want of candour, of wilful misstatements, and misrepresentations, of *lynx-eyed* and *wilfully wrong* interpretations, of wilfully stumbling, and of defrauding him of his due credit; these are not very generous terms, and for their utter falsehood we will only observe, that he has not succeeded in dragging forth one single instance in which any one of these charges could be reflected upon us with the slightest shade, in the mind of an honest and impartial observer. That his fretfulness and irritability should have manifested themselves in this silly calumny, we no longer wonder at, though we have uniformly treated him with at least as much respect as his literary character can at present claim. So far are we from taking offence at being ourselves informed when misdirected, that we look upon the removal of error from the mind of a man as the removal of a burden by which his understanding, nay even his taste, feeling, and imagination, may be said to have been oppressed. From the darkness of every misconception we wish to be enlightened, but Mr. Moss must submit to learn that his language is as little calculated to engage attention as his arguments are to bear conviction; and unless the former at all events is to undergo a thorough reformation, he will meet with neither esteem as an individual, deference as an adversary, nor celebrity as a writer.

Finally we will assure Mr. Moss, in the language of an Edinburgh Reviewer, that "whilst we speak in our collective and public capacity, we have neither resentments nor predilections;" we shall continue to examine his works as if our present difference had not arisen; and we shall take no merit to ourselves for continuing to speak of him as we should have done had we never met with him elsewhere as an author."

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—As a demonstration that the question of the antiquity or modern fabrication of the celebrated works attributed to a learned Priest, in the 15th century is still open to further investigation, I beg leave this day to call your attention to the truly excellent *Falade of Chantilly*, the last piece that was sent by the unhappy youth to the *Town and Country Magazine*, a very short time previous to his death. Being the last, it is presumed he was, at that period, more skilful in the old English language; and we consequently find a more copious glossary, but not without proofs that he was several times completely at a loss for the meaning of the real author.

I shall confine my observations to two lines in that sublime description of a thunder-storm, which is not surpassed, I am sure, perhaps scarcely equalled, by any other, ancient or modern. The 36th and 37th lines contain two very expressive words, which the reputed author completely misunderstood; they are as follow:

"Liste now the thonders rattling *clymmyng* sound

Cheres slowlie on, and then embollen clangs."

He tells us that a *clymmyng* sounde is a *noisy* sound which is nonsense. The word never had any such meaning in our language, ancient or modern. Its true meaning having escaped the researches of a host of lexicographers, commentators, critics, and controversialists, it would have been strange indeed if the young man had been better acquainted with it. It means an *ascending* sound, from the old English or north country word *clim* to climb. In Buchanan's Admonition to the true Lords, 3, we find "clymmyng to the crowne." In the play of *Gorboduc*, p. 18, a different inflection of the same word occurs:

"Too soone he clamme into the flaming carte,
Where want of skill did set the world on fire."

This pronunciation is authenticated in the old poem of *Tomens and Julietta*.

"I sweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to *clym*;
[testeth him.]

And for a witness of my wordes my hart att—
Similar pronunciation of this word may now be heard very day in the north of England.

"Cheres" he has rendered *mores*, as a natural mistake. I guessed, but guessed wrong; as the learned and applauded editor of Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt did, in attempting to explain Chaucer's phrase, "vel mote he *cheve*?" C. T. 1633, i. e. "ill may he *thrive*," which Mr. T. rendered, "ill may he *end*." If Mr. Tyrwhitt had descended to look into the glossary of Urry's splendid edition of Chaucer, which he has reprobated and condemned, he would have found the phrase properly explained, viz. "to cheve, to thrive." Dunbar uses it correctly. See *Anc. Scot. Poems*, p. 363.

"Than was he glaid of this,
And thoct his myll well *chevin*."

i. e. that he had well thriven or prospered. We find an additional instance in the xviii. passus, p. 95, 2 of *Piers Ploughman*.

"And ye churils and your chyldren *cheyven* shal
you never

Ne have lordship in lande, ne no lande tyll."
This word, never, had the meaning of *mores*, which at first sight seems to agree with the context. There is, therefore, much more excuse for the mistake of the youthful editor, than for that by the learned and applauded one. The proper meaning then of *cheve*, is to thrive, to grow, to *enrich*.

Let us now read the lines in the meaning of the real author.

"Liste now the thonders rattling, *ascending* sound,

Encreases slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,
Shakes the hie spyre, and lost, dispended,
drownd.

Still on the gallard ear of terroure hanges."

If it be not trespassing too much on your interesting columns, I would observe, that Mr. Tyrwhitt condemned the Poems on account of his not being able to discover any classical allusions in them, which a learned Priest would have been proud of displaying. This *Balade of Chantilly* abounds with classical allusion. What are the sixth and seventh lines but Virgil in another dress?—one describing spring, the other autumn.

"Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbor:
Nunc frondent Sylve, nunc formosissimus annus."

"'Twas now the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose
deste aumere."

Again, lines 10 and 11.

"Et fedam glomerant tempestatem imbris atris
Collecta ex alto nubes."

"—from the sea aris in drear arraie,
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue."

In the 31st and the 39th lines Mr. T. might have recognised the

"*—fugere ferre, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.*"

But I stop here, Sir, lest by lengthening my remarks I may hazard the rejection.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
Enfield, Sept. 21, 1823. J. S.

FINE ARTS.

Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages. XV.
Harding, Triphook, & Lepard.

This publication progresses steadily (as an American writer would say) towards a conclusion; every Part maintaining the high original character of the design, and the whole work increasing in interest as it increases in bulk. The present Part contains Sir Kenelm Digby, from

Vandyke; Henry Prince of Wales, from Mytens; Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham; John Knox; and Richard Weston, Earl of Portland, also from Vandyke; and the engravers are R. Cooper, two, J. Jenkins, E. Scriven, and G. Kellaway. They are all excellently done, and the last is (we believe) the first engraving, as well as the first distinct memoir, of the personage referred to. Knox is a very forcible portrait, and forms a fine contrast to the youthful grace of Prince Henry.

Captain Batty's Views of the Rhine.

Part IX. Jennings.

HEIDELBERG, Utrecht, Meckarsteinach, Oudekerk Delft, and Drachenfels, are the subjects of his pleasing continuation of Captain Batty's pleasant work. The last is one of the most beautiful of all the views which have appeared in it; while there is no falling off in the others.

The Monumental Remains of Noble and Eminent

Persons. Part IV. By Edw. Blore, Harding & Co.

Our very high opinion of this work is not only known through the medium of preceding Gazettes, but has been so widely quoted elsewhere that it is needless to repeat the encomium on its general character. All we have to do is to keep that in view, and merely notice such points as occur in particular Nos., and are worthy of being specified. The Part before us has the monuments of Edward III, and Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, from Westminster Abbey; William of Wykeham, from Winchester; John Gower, from St. Saviour's Southwark; and Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, from the Beauchamp Chapel, in the town of that name.

These are individually fine and interesting remains of antiquity, and Mr. Blore has done them ample justice. The monument of De Valence is one of the most admirable of the date of the 14th century, and of its kind in England; and we rejoice to notice, that, as far as there was authority in the remaining portions of it for its restoration, it has recently been restored under the judicious superintendence of Mr. Gayfer, and is now a great ornament to Westminster Abbey. That of William of Wykeham of nearly the same date, is another noble specimen of the arts; and one which has been more carefully preserved, while too many (like the Earl of Pembroke's) have been wantonly dilapidated. In a late instance, however, ignorant improvement has contributed to injure this design; and the effigy is, almost assuredly, not the original. The Beauchamp monument is also much disfigured by having more coats of whitewash than even of arms upon it; it should be clean scraped. Of the Poet's tomb we have little to observe that could be new—we should like, however, to see a good account of the curious church in which his dust reposes.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PRINCE WILLIAM OF ENGLAND.

The melancholy death by shipwreck of this young Prince has often been held up to commiseration. His fate may however, suggest other ideas than those of mere compassion, when it is recollected he had frequently declared that when he came to the throne of England, he would treat the English as slaves, and reduce them to the condition of beasts of burden.

PRINCE William's bark swept on,
With song and trumpet-clang,
And loudly for King Henry's son,
The shout of welcome rang.

He trod the deck with all
A future monarch's pride;
And his stately form grew yet more tall
As Albion's cliffs he eyed.

He thought upon the hour
When his unfetter'd hand
Should stretch the rod of regal power
About that sea-girt land.
But, hate and cruelty
Glared fiercely in his frown;
Her sons are all too proud and high;
I'll tame their spirits down:
"Like oxen they shall drag
The plough for us, their lords;
And if they dare rebel or flag,
We'll spur them with our swords."
And loud the Normans laughed
The Prince's words to hear;
And many a Briton deeper quaffed
To hide his scorn—not fear.
But youthful hearts soon spring
Above reflection's sway,
Forgotten was the future king,
As the wine-cup circled gay.
Swift rushed the vessel on,
And France was left behind;
And cloudless was the summer sun,
And soft the summer wind:
And loud and louder round,
Rose song and shout of glee,
For who could dream that danger frowned
With such a sky and sea?
But three long days have past,
And still upon the main
King Henry's anxious eyes are cast,
To seek his Son—in vain.
He lay the waves beneath;
And many an ocean gem
Was round his brow—a mockery wreath
For England's diadem.

ZARACH.

GREEK PATRIOT'S SONG.

WE have in former Gazettes given place, with hearty hopes of their triumph, to poetical compositions in favour of the glorious struggle of the Greeks. The following is from the pen of Miss Palli, of Leghorn, already known to our Readers as an enthusiast in this noble Cause.

Σείς ποῦ δούλους τῶν βαρβάρων
Τοὺς Γραικοὺς ἐπιθυμείτε,
Τὶ προσμύετε; κρυφθεῖτε
Εἰς τὰ βάραθρα τῆς γῆς.

Ἀλλῶς τὸ Μισολόγγι
Στὸν χαμὸν ἑκατοντοῦσε
Καὶ τοὺς Ἥρωας ἀπατοῦσε
Τῶν ὁμοίων σας ἡ φωνή.

Τί (τοῖς ἔλεγε) ματαιῶς
Εἰς τὸ κάστρον πολεμεῖτε;
Φθάνει τώρα, μυηθεῖτε
Τοὺς λοιποὺς ὁμογενεῖς.

"Ολοὶ φεύγουν νικημένοι
Εἰς ἡ Ἑλλάς τοῦρκων γεμάτη!"
Ἀχ! δὲν βλέπει τὴν ἀπάτη
Ποῖος δὲν φεύσεται ποτὶ.

"Ολοὶ ἐπίστευσαν χαμένην
Καθ' ἑλπίδα σωτηρίας
Ἀλλὰ μῆνι εἰς τὰς καρδιάς
Τῶν προγόνων ἡ ἀρετή.

"Οχι (ἐφώναξε) εἰς θάλα
Σουλτανῶν ὁ στρατηγός
Καὶ εἰς θάλα, εἰθύς "εἰς θάλα"
Ἀποκρινέτω ὁ στρατός.

Τοὺς ἀκούσατε κρυφθεῖτε
Εἰς τὰ βάραθρα τῆς γῆς
Μὴ τολμήσατε νὰ ἐλθῇτε
Τὴν ἡμέραν τῆς σφαγῆς.

Ἦλθε, λάμπε! ἤχουν "εἰς θάλα."
Οὐρανός, θάλασσα, γῆ
Καὶ τὰ, πλῆθη τῶν ἀτίστον
Ἰδοὺ τρέπονται εἰς φυγή.

Μισολόγγι! ἀντὰ τὰ τεῖχη,
Ὅπ' ἀνίκητα φυλάττεις,
Εἰς τὸ ἔξῃς ὁ διαβάτης
Θέλει ἰδῆ μέ θανατισμόν.

Πόσον δύναν' ἡ ἀνδρεία
Καὶ τὸ μίσος τῶν τυράννων
Εἰς διεύθερον καρδίαν
Διανούμενος ἔχει.

Σείς ποῦ δούλους τῶν βαρβάρων
Τοὺς Γραικοὺς ἐπιθυμείτε,
Τὸ "εἰς θάλα" ἐνθυμείτε
Καὶ παύεισθ' ἄρεκά.

The Translation is nearly literal:

You, who desire to see the Greeks the slaves
Of the Barbarians, for what are you waiting?
Hide yourselves in the depths of the earth!

Missolonghi was certainly on the brink of ruin,
And the voice of those who resemble you, de-
ceived the heroes.—

"Why," said they, "do you vainly combat in
your fortresses? you have done enough; imitate
the rest of your countrymen!"

"They all are conquered, and flee; Greece is
full of Turks." Ah! he who never deceived, does
not easily discover deceit.

They thought that every hope of safety had
perished; but the courage of their Ancestors re-
mained implanted in their hearts.

"No!" cried the Leader of the Sulists, "I
will not,"—and the Army replied with one
voice "I will not! I will not!"

You hear them; hide yourselves in the depths
of the earth—wait not to see the day of defeat.

It came and shone; heaven, sea, and earth
re-echoed, "I will not!" and the troops of In-
fidels were driven to flight.

Missolonghi! the traveller will see henceforth
with surprise the walls which thou keepest in-
vincible.

There he will reflect, on what courage, and the
hatred of tyrants, can effect on free hearts.

You, who desire to see the Greeks the slaves
of the Barbarians, think on the words "I will
not;" and you will be sufficiently punished.

G. L.

LYRIC.

WE have met, and we have parted,
Meet it were that love should die!
Teach the winds, thou frail falsehearted,
Teach the light wave constancy.
We have loved, as we shall never
Dare to love on earth again;
Hearts thus twined, when they shall sever
Wear no more the lover's chain.
Tell the waves to calm their motion,
Bid the wind thy summons flee;
Bid the chafed and restless ocean
Sleep!—aye, sleep unchangeably!—
Will the lashed wave cease its wailing?
Will the moaning billow rest?
Then may hope and joys unfailing,
Fled like mine, relume thy breast!

ZARA.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MY GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.—NO. V.

A Legend.

NEVER did I look on a spot so melancholy in its
loveliness: the water rushed from an unseen
spring in the bosom of the rock, and fell into a
basin of rude unpolished stone; the graceful

waterfern, and moss of a thousand hues, clothed
the edges of the dark reservoir, where, as the
stream entered, it took a blood-red tinge; two
tall aspens trembled above, as if to warn the
thirsty traveller from the unholy wave, and
their white and satin-like barks cast back the
moon-rays which fell not on the gloomy water!
The old man was leaning on his staff, and his dim
eyes were turned earthward: his long white
beard fell upon his breast, though his head was
bald, save only where a few gray hairs yet lin-
gered near his brow. "I will tell you the tale,"
he said, and brushed a tear from his furrowed
cheek.

"Agatha!" said a voice—and the pride of our
canton sprang towards the speaker. She was
beautiful, Monsieur, as the first rose that bursts
its bud in spring, and innocent as the lamb which
the shepherd takes to his bosom to shield it from
the north wind. She had been 'Rosiere' but the
year before she stood beside this dark water
at the bidding of a stranger! Many had loved
her, but she smiled on each with the cold, placid
smile of indifference, and none could gain from
Agatha aught more tender than courtesy. It was
on a day, cold and bleak as those in which out-
worn December touches palms with ice-crowned
January, and delivers to the chilly stepdame of
the coming year the keys of all the pent up rivu-
lets, that one of our young peasants passed this
spot in pursuit of game: he loved Agatha—but
wherefore need I tell you this, when I have told
that all the youths of the canton loved her? The
quick eye of the young peasant rested on her as
she stood amid the leafless branches of yonder
groupe of stunted hawthorns—the breeze played
roughly among her long brown hair, and her
cheek was paler than its wont.

"Agatha!" said a voice, and she sprang from
her concealment, and clung fondly to the speaker;
the moon is rising higher in heaven, love," it
continued, "and I yet linger—Agatha, I must go,
and be forgotten."

"Not forgotten, Seigneur," cried the young
maiden, as she sank on her knees beside him:
'never! never!' She spoke with passion, for all
her energies were condensed in her first and only
affection, and after a moment's silence, she again
murmured, 'Never! never!'

"The stranger was habited in a garb darkly
magnificent and foreign; his head-gear was of
sable velvet, and its nodding plume oversha-
dowed his countenance; his tall and graceful
form bent over the maiden, and his accents bore
a blended tenderness and pride that suited well
the scene and season in which they were heard.

"And will you never forget me, beautiful
Agatha?" and again the soft tones of the peasant
maiden whispered, 'Never! never!'

"Look," said the manly wooer, as he ex-
tended his athletic arm towards the castle, whose
ruins are yonder in the distance; 'look, Agatha,
at the halls of my fathers—when I am fatherless,
may that proud pile become a ruin, and the
walls which once pealed with feast and revelry,
echo only the dire note of the night raven or the
boding scream of the owl!'

"And oh! if indeed I am one day forgotten
for a nobler bride," exclaimed the maiden, 'I
will pierce my bosom beside this rocky fountain,
and my life-blood shall flow for ever, blended
with its clear wave, a legacy to her children!'

"Be it even so, fair sceptic," said the stranger,
and he clasped her to his bosom, and for awhile
was silent.

"Yet wherefore should we part?" asked the
Baron, after a pause—for it was indeed the lord
of our canton who loved the maiden: "Why
wilt thou not fly with me? I will take thee to fair

Italy, and the noblest and the greatest shall do thee homage as the bride of De Maisie.

"It may not be," whispered the maiden.

"Then farewell, Agatha," and the Noble unwreathed the soft arms from his neck, and moved away.

"Stay yet a moment," faltered out the fond one; the Baron pointed to the moon, and the maiden clasped her hands in agony. "Were any near to tell my father that I yet live—that I am unworthy the regret of his old age!" she uttered faintly.

"I will do your bidding, Agatha, for I have loved you!" and the young sportsman rushed forward, and stood between them.

"With trembling fingers the maiden detached a small gold crucifix from her bosom. 'He forgave his murderers,' she said, almost inarticulately.

"Will you indeed part with the holy symbol?" asked the youth, in an accent of reproach.

"And wherefore not?" cried the Baron, laughingly; and tearing a gemmed star from his vest, he placed it on the bosom of the maiden; 'Agatha will not regret the gift!'

"But this—" murmured the youth, 'Away!' and the proud Lord frowned fearfully on his young vassal, till he turned aside, and departed.

"The old man died, for all that once endeared life had passed away, and the maiden was remembered only as a bright vision. Months and years sped on, and in the dawning an aged shepherd marked something glittering beside the rocky basin: he drew near, and there lay a lovely woman, clad in white and flowing robes, and her brown hair wreathed with jewels—it was Agatha, and she had fulfilled her vow; a gemmed dagger was buried in her bosom, and the spring-wave was dyed with her heart's best blood; care had blighted the roses of her cheek, and her lofty form was attenuated by sorrow. She had been forgotten for a prouder dame, and with the fortune of a peasant, Monsieur, she had the soul of an empress! Had she lived, the *canton* would have scorned—as she died, it pitied her: she felt it thus, and to such a heart it was no pang to die!—she was laid beside her father, and a low grassy mound now veils alike her love and her misfortune. The Baron returned not to his domain; he fell in a distant land, the victim of a wild feud, bred in a moment of intemperance—he fell, and left no heir; and the castle of his ancestors is the abode of the night-raven and the owl!"

The old man ceased and I put aside my tablets: like the simple inmates of the *canton*, I pitied Agatha, and I could not sketch her death scene.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

On Thursday Holcroft's Comedy of *The Road to Ruin* was acted here, and served to introduce a Mr. Williams to a London audience in the character of *Old Dorton*. The utmost we can venture to say in favour of the new debutant is altogether of a negative description. There was nothing in his performance calculated to give particular offence; but at the same time, there was nothing that could lay claim to warm approval, or lessen the regret we have been often doomed to feel at the retirement of the inimitable Munden. Mr. Williams's personation of the character is by many degrees too cold and sententious. It gives us more the idea of a stiff, stately country pedagogue, without sense or feeling, than "One of the first merchants of the first city in the world"—a man overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," and a father, so infatuated, that he refuses, nay, almost loves and encourages the vices of his son. Mr. Williams's friends however, who were assembled

in great numbers, seemed to think it "all right," as we have seldom heard more applause bestowed, even upon an established favourite. This is, of all absurdities, one of the greatest—the Manager cannot write orders for ever, and mediocrity must eventually find its proper level. Miss Kelly made her first appearance, after too long an absence, in *Sophia*, and was, as she deserved to be, most enthusiastically welcomed. Mrs. Davison, another actress, who never should have been suffered to quit this theatre, played the *Widow* in fine style; and Mr. Bennet, from the English Opera, made his first appearance here in the agreeable part of Mr. Sulky.

O'Keefe's farce of *The Son in Law*, after enjoying a popularity of forty years' continuance, was revived on Saturday, and unfavourably received. Mr. J. Russell in *Arionelli* attempted an imitation of Velluti; but it did not bear the most remote resemblance to that individual: it was not, in fact, what it ought to have been, "Velluti in Speculum."—Mr. Booth is engaged for "three" nights.

COVENT GARDEN.

Morton's Comedy of *Town and Country* has been performed here, and Mr. Warde has appeared as *Reuben Glenroy*. His representation of this character is not so good as that of his Brutus; there is more effort and extravagance about it, and a greater anxiety to produce effect—faults which he will do well carefully to avoid. The rest of the performance, with the exception of three parts, would have disgraced a barn and tallow candles.

ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. Arnold concluded a successful and profitable season on Wednesday.

Miss Foote has been partially *roued* at Edinburgh, after extracting double prices at the theatre doors of various provincial houses. It is really surprising, how much the eclat of an affair of gallantry improves the attractions of an actress.

POLITICS.

VARIOUS reports of an auspicious nature for the cause of Greece have been afloat during the week. Spain continues to be greatly disturbed.

VARIETIES.

We feel pleasure in hearing that Sir Robert Ker Porter has been appointed to a diplomatic situation in South America; a country of such newly awakened interests to us, in commercial views, as well as to the learned, with regard to the memorials of its ancient people, and the early times of their European conquerors; that we cannot but anticipate a considerable accession to our knowledge in these respects, from the probably transmitted observations, researches and sketches of a gentleman, whose pen and pencil have already done so much for the literary world, in his narrative of Travels through the countries of Persia and Babylonia; and in noting this we congratulate ourselves on the good taste of the Minister, who in selecting men for public business, thus unites views of science and literature, with those of sound policy.

The King's Pamphlets.—In the year 1762, the British Museum was enriched by the munificence of His Majesty, with a most valuable collection of thirty thousand tracts and pamphlets relative to the history of England, during the civil wars. The whole are bound in two thousand volumes, of which one hundred, chiefly on the royal side, were printed, but never published. This collection was commenced for the use of Charles I., by a clergyman of the name of Thomason, and was carried about England as the parliament army marched, kept in the collector's warehouses, disguised as tables covered with

canvas; and at length lodged at Oxford, under the care of Dr. Barlow, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln. These tracts were subsequently offered to the library at Oxford, and were at last brought to Charles II., by his stationer, Samuel Mearke, whose widow endeavoured to dispose of them by leave of the said king in 1684; but it is believed they continued unsold till George the Third bought them of Mearke's representatives. In a printed paper, it is said, that the collector had refused four thousand pounds for them.—*Percy Anecdotes of George 3d and 4th.*

We regret much to see it stated in the newspapers that Mr. Wilkie is detained at Paris by increased indisposition. His health was but too precarious when he left England.

Menai Bridge.—This stupendous undertaking now approaches its completion. The chains have been finally laid across from pier to pier, and persons have passed to and fro, from Carnarvonshire to Anglesey. In a few months, it is reported, the structure will be in common use. Since the mightiest days of Rome there has not been constructed a more remarkable public work.

A considerable collection of Roman coins and other relics have been recently discovered near the village of Saint Mare, not far from Montmedy, in France.

Paintings.—Several of the best German Journals speak in terms of high commendation of the works of a young Painter, named Moritz Oppenheim, and a native of Harnou. He seems to have employed himself principally on sacred subjects; and his Susanna and the Elders, David playing before Saul, Tobias' return home, &c. &c. are all mentioned as productions of the greatest merit.

Il Crociato in Egitto is now performing with eclat at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris. The King of Prussia (as Count Rupin, his incognito title) was present at the second representation, and enjoyed the success of his subject, the composer, Meyerbeer.

A Paris Journal *Le Globe*, of the 6th September, gives a bit of English literary gossip in the following style:

"Le London Magazine a change de propriétaires, et est maintenant dans les mains des Cockneys (M. Hunt et compagnie.)"

SOUTH AMERICA.

Gleanings from Stevenson's excellent work, reviewed in our last.

Substitute for Tea.—"On our return to the miller's house we were presented with *mate*, which is a substitute for tea, and is used more or less in every part of South America, but since the present revolution it has become less prevalent, partly because the custom of drinking tea *a la Inglesa* is more fashionable, and partly because a regular supply of the herb cannot be procured from Paraguay, where it grows, and from whence it derives its name. The *mate* is prepared by putting into a silver or gold cup about a tea-spoonful of the herb of Paraguay, to which are added a bit of sugar, sometimes laid on the fire until the outside be a little burnt, a few drops of lemon juice, a piece of lemon peel and of cinnamon, or a clove. Boiling water is poured in till the cup is full, and a silver tube, about the thickness of the stalk of a tobacco pipe, six inches long and perforated at the lower end with small holes, is introduced. Through this the *mate* is sucked, with the risk of scalding the mouth. A cup supported on a salver, most curiously chased, or filigreed, is commonly used: however a calabash, with a fillet of silver round the top, was used on this occasion. One tube serves the whole party, and the female who presides will not unfrequently give a hearty suck when the cup is returned to her, and take another

after replenishing it, before it is handed to the company. A great deal of etiquette is observed with the *mute*. It is first offered to the person who is the greatest stranger, or most welcome visitor, a priest, if there happen to be one present, which is generally the case."

Future State.—"The belief of a future state and the immortality of the soul is universal among the Indians of South America. The Araucanians agree with the rest in expecting an eternal residence in a beautiful country, to which all will be transferred. Pillian is too good to inflict any punishment after death for crimes committed during life. They believe that the soul will enjoy the same privileges in a separate state which it possessed whilst united to the body. Thus the husband will have his wives, but without any spiritual progeny, for the new country must be peopled with the spirits of the dead. Like the ancients, they have their ferryman, or rather ferrywoman, to transport them thither. She is called *Tempulay*, being an old woman who takes possession of the soul after the relations have mourned over the corpse, and who conveys it over the seas to the westward, where the land of expectation is supposed to exist."

A Species of Manure.—"Some small islands at the entrance to the bay of Pisco are famous for the manure which they produce, and which is embarked and carried to different parts of the coast, and often into the interior on the backs of mules and llamas. The quantity of this manure is enormous, and its qualities are truly astonishing in the cultivation of maize. This valuable production appears to be the excrement of sea birds, immense numbers of which frequent and breed on the islands; and the accumulation is doubtless owing to the total absence of rain. It is of a pale brown colour when dry, and easily reducible to powder; when fresh it has rather a reddish appearance; the surface stratum for a foot deep is whitish, and contains feathers, bones of birds, and shells of eggs. It is asserted, that the *huano*, the name by which this production is known, is certainly fossil earth; but the quality of the upper stratum, which although at first white, gradually inclines to yellow, being incontestably the excrement of birds, and equal to the other, the subject seems to demand a stricter scrutiny."

"A species of birds frequenting these islands in great abundance is called *huano*; hence the original name of the matter now used as manure. The bird is of black plumage, is as large as the seagull, and breeds during the whole year, with this peculiarity, that each nest, being only a hole in the *huano*, contains a fledged bird, an unfledged one, and one egg; whence it appears, that there is a constant succession, without the old birds undergoing the confinement of brooding their eggs. The Indians take many of the young birds, salt them, and consider them a great delicacy; however they have a strong fishy taste."

Indian Shrewdness.—"I recollect very well an Indian, called *Bravo*, who was accused at Pomasqui of having stolen the mule which he had brought from the valleys to the eastward of Quito, laden with fruit. At the moment the accusation was laid before the alcalde, the Indian threw his poncho or mantle over the head of the mule, and then desired the challenger to say of which eye his mule was blind? He answered, of the left. Then, said the Indian, taking off the poncho, this mule cannot be yours, because it is blind of neither."

Indian Superstition.—"A considerable share of superstition belongs to the goatherds, who are Indians. They believe that some men have the power, by witchcraft, to convey the fat of one

lock of goats to another, if care be not taken to prevent them from so doing; for the prevention of this mischief they have different amulets which they tie round the necks or horns of the goats, especially those which are called the Captains of the flocks. These charms consist of shells, beans, and a kind of nutmeg brought from the province of Jaen de Bracamoros. I was several times entertained by the tales told by the Indians; they would assert, that a flock of goats had been placed under the care of an unskilful goatherd, and that in one night a wizard *hichisero*, had deprived them of all their fat, and conveyed it to another flock, to the astonishment of particularly one party, who in the morning found his fat flock reduced to skin and bone, bleating their lamentations for the loss which they had sustained."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

EARLY in November is announced the first Part of a new Work, uniform in size to the Percy Anecdotes, with Poems, price 2s. 6d., under the title of "Laconics; or the Best Words of the best Authors," with the authorities.

Mr. Tennant, the author of *Amor Fati*, and other poetical works, has a new Dramatic Poem in the press. Report speaks very favourably of Mr. Gall's forthcoming novel, *The Last of the Lairds*, which is printing but the size (probably not yet determined. The subject is certainly congenial to his best manner, if we may judge from the Epigraph; and we hope he will rather consult characteristic brevity than book-selling length.

Captain Brooke is on the point of publishing the following works, which will complete his *Travels in the North*: "Travels through Lapland and Sweden in the Winter season; with various Observations relating to Finnmark and its inhabitants, made during a short residence at Hammerfest, near the North Cape."—"Winter Sketches in Lapland; or Illustrations of a Journey made with reindeer, from Alten to the shores of the Polar Sea, in 69° N. L., through Norwegian, Russian, and Swedish Lapland, to Tornea, at the extremity of the Gulph of Bothnia; intended to exhibit a complete view of the mode of Travelling with Rein Deer, the most striking incidents that occurred during the journey, and the general character of the Winter Scenery of Lapland."

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Moore's Life of Sheridan, 4to. 37. 3s. 6d. —Stewart's Original Persian Letters, 4to. 2s. 2s. 6d. —Maloney's Poems, folsca. 7s. 6d. —The Sky Lark, 12mo. 4s. 6d. —Letters from the Irish Islands, 2d edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d. —Rogers's Law of Elections, 2 vols. 8vo. 15s. 6d. —Butt's History of the Primer, 12mo. 6s. 6d. —South's Dissector's Manual, 8vo. 12s. 6d. —Amesley on Diseases of the Uterus, 8vo. coloured plates, 18s. 6d. —Cooper on Ligaments, 4to. 17. 1s. 6d. —Hall's Roots of the Latin Language, royal 8vo. 8s. 6d. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 29	From 44 to 59	30.20 to 30.46
Friday 10	44 to 44	29.95 to 29.89
Saturday Oct. 1	49 to 62	29.83 to 29.76
Sunday 2	44 to 44	29.67 to 29.61
Monday 3	50 to 63	29.64 to 29.60
Tuesday 4	54 to 64	29.72 to 29.84
Wednesday 5	55 to 65	29.72 to 29.80

Wind S. and S.E. 29th and 31st clear; since, generally cloudy, frequent and heavy rain.—Rain fallen 1 inch .65 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not the address of Gerald Griffin, Esq. and are therefore unable to forward the ship letter to him which has reached us "per the York."

Thank T. A. S.—More particularly to E. A. of Ipswich, who, though not inverted, is not discouraged.

Also to J. R. to C. T. P. Lisetta's timidity is groundless: we are not devourers of young poetesses, though we cannot always gratify their wishes to appear in our columns.

There is great poetical bonity in T. C. N.; but surely some of his lines are unworthy of the pathos around them. We would suggest revision.

Miso-trash may be very just in his remarks on the Retrospective Review, but the propagation of his opinions would ill bight a contemporary periodical.

F. M. must excuse us. His admonition meant for one of our readers would occupy a column: now, suppose we tried to allow every one so much space, we beg to enquire what size our Gazette must be?—a sheet to cover a kingdom.

To Correspondents Extra. The gentlemen who broke into the Literary Gazette Office on Thursday night are thanked for the moderation they showed in the quantum of matters which they carried away with them. It is hardly a compliment to our Numbers that they found so few deserving of being removed; but perhaps they thought that the Gazettes went off well enough without such aid as they could bring. Upon the whole, however, we beg to decline their future communications.—Ed.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

TO BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.—

WANTED, in an extensive Manufacturing Town, an active young Man of good address, writes well, and is fully acquainted with the business of a Bookseller and Stationer. A liberal salary will be given. Respectable references as to moral character and other qualifications will be required. Apply by letter (post paid) to A. B. at Mr. Barker's Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 33, Fleet-street.

TO PARENTS & GUARDIANS.

AN APOTHECARY and CHYMIST, in the immediate vicinity of the Metropolis, is desirous of taking a well educated Youth of respectable connections as an APPRENTICE. The situation is eligible and advantageous; a premium, consequently, will be expected.—Address, (if by letter, post paid,) to A. B. at Mr. Edington's, 37, Piccadilly, opposite St. James's Church.

LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—The Meetings

of this Society re-commenced on Monday Evening, the 3d of October, at the LONDON TAVERN, Bishopsgate-street. The Subjects for the Lectures and Discussions of the first Series of the Meetings are, Public Speaking.—The effect of the Fendal system on Society.—The Expediency of the proposed London University.—The Cause of the Popularity of Cowper's Poetry.—The Correctness of Mr. Macculloch's Opinion on Abstinence.—Self Love as a Principle of Human Actions.—The Propriety of the Greek and Roman Classics, being the principal objects of attention in the Education of Youth—and the Sense of Touch.

Communications to be addressed to the Secretary, at the Bar of the London Tavern.

Just published, price 6s.

THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL, No. LXIII.—

Sold by Sherwood and Co. Paternoster-row; Parker and Vincent, Oxford; Barrett, Cambridge; Macreddie and Co. Edinburgh; Cumming, Dublin; and all other Booksellers.

Published this day, price 12. No. II. of

THE TRANSLATOR.—Original Translations

from various Languages, ancient and modern; containing Translations from La Fontaine, Schiller, Martial, Ovid, Catullus, Pindar, Cambray, &c.—to be continued Monthly.

"We can safely say that they (the translations) display considerable talent, and promise, when completed, a book of rational and elegant entertainment."—*Literary Gazette*.

Published by Gardner and Son, Price-street, Cavendish-square; and sold by all Booksellers.

This day is published, price 6s.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, or CRITICAL

JOURNAL, No. LXXXIV.

Contents:—Value of Colonial Possessions—Milton and the Newly-discovered MS.—New Unives in London—Heavenly Office of Public Prosecutor—German Genius and Taste—Wilhelm Meister—Thoughts and Recollections—Spirit of the West Indian Society—Mechanic's Institutions, &c. &c.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London; and Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

This day is published, price 6s. No. IV. of

THE QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL RE-

VIEW, and ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

Contents:—1. Davidson's (John) Inquiry into the Origin and Intent of Primitive Sacrifices.—2. Lloyd's (Richard) extensive Inquiry into the important Questions, What it is to preach Christ? and What is the best Mode of preaching Him?—3. Jewell's History of the Church of England.—4. Pollock's (Dr.) Letter to Charles Butler, Esq., on the Theological Parts of his Book of the Roman Catholic Church.—5. A Defence of Religious Liberty, by the Author of "Letters on Prejudice."—6. Bishop of Llandaff's Speech, delivered in the House of Lords, May 17, 1845.—7. Miller's (Dr.) Observations on the Doctrines of Christianity.—8. Hunscombe's (Robert) Trial of the Spirits, or a Demonstration of the Heavenly Doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg.—9. A Churchman's Address to the Archbishops and Bishops on the Necessity of Morning and Afternoon Services.—10. Perry's Letter to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.—11. Law's (J. T.) Catechetical Exposition of the Apostles' Creed.—12. Harris's (Dr.) Natural History of the Bible.—13. Marcus's (Mosca) Grammar of the Hebrew Language, with Points.—14. Wilson's (William) System of Infants' Schools.—15. Memoirs of the late John Bowdler, Esq.—16. Nares's (Archdeacon) Sermons on Faith, and on other Subjects.—17. Pons's (J. S.) Doctrine of the Church of Geneva, illustrated in a Series of Sermons preached by the Modern Divines of that City.—18. Dibdin's (T. F.) Sermons.—19. Molever's (J. R. N.) Sermons on various Subjects.—20. Stewart's (J. H.) Practical View of the Redeemer's Atonement in a series of Discourses.—21. Butler's (H. F.) Lectures on the Executives of Religion.

Satires of Chazey, Occasional Sermons, &c. &c.—Biblical Memoranda—Debates in Parliament relative to the Church—Law Proceedings relative to the Church—History of the Diocese of Canterbury—State of the Dioceses in England and Wales—Proceedings in the Universities—History of the Episcopal Church of Scotland.

Printed for C. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Church-Yard, Waterloo-Place, and 14, Strand.

In a vol. 12mo. 10s. 6d. boards, 2d Edition.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LYING, in all its

Branches. By AMELIA OPIE.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

1. *Maideline: A Tale.* In 2 vols. 12mo. Price 14s. boards.

2. *The Father and Daughter.* A Tale. 8th Edition. Frontispiece. 4s. 6d. boards.

3. *Tales of the Heart.* 4 vols. 12mo. 2d Edition. 11. 2s. boards.

4. *New Tales.* 4 vols. 12mo. 3d Edition. 11. 8s. boards.

5. *Valentine's Eve.* A Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. 2d Edition. 11. 1s. boards.

6. *Tales of Real Life.* 3 vols. 12mo. 3d Edition. 16s. boards.

7. *Temper; or, Domestic Scenes.* A Tale. 3d Edition. 3 vols. 12mo. 11. 1s. boards.

